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Amusements
SERIOUS
AND
COMICAL,
Calculated for the Meridian of
LONDON.

By Mr. Tho. Brown.

The 2d. Edition, with large Improvements.

L O N D O N:

Printed, and Sold by the Booksellers
of *London and Westminster*, 1702.

15492.39.7*

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EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine

Series A: Clinical Medicine

Volume 10, Part 1

January 1918

Published for the Society

by the Royal Society of Medicine

11, Bedford Square, London, W.C.1

The Editor, Mr. J. H. Green

London, W.C.1

Printed and Sold by the Publishers
of London and W.C.1

2/1/18

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Amusements SERIOUS AND COMICAL

The PREFACE.

Amusement I.

THE Title I have confer'd upon
 my Book, gives me Authori-
 ty to make as long a Preface
 as I please; for a long Pre-
 face is a true Amusement:

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However I have ventured to put one here, under the Apprehension that it will be very necessary toward the understanding of the Book; tho' the Generality of Readers are of Opinion, that a Preface, instead of setting off the Work, does but expose the Vanity of the Author.

A good General of an Army, is less embarrass'd at the Head of his Troops, than an ill Writer in the Front of his Productions. He knows not in what Figure to dress his Countenance. If he puts on a Fierce and Haughty Look, his Readers think themselves obliged to lower his Top-sail, and bring him under their Sterns: If he affects an Humble sneaking Posture, they slight and despise him: If he boasts the Excellency of his Subject, they believe not a Syllable of what he says: If he tells them there is little or nothing in't, they take him at his word; and to say nothing at all of his Work, is an unsufferable Imposition upon an Author

I know not what Success these papers will find in the World; but if any amuse themselves in Criticizing upon them, or in Reading them, my Design is answer'd.

I have given the following Thoughts the Name of *Amusements*; you will find them Serious, or Comical, according to the

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the Humour I was in when I wrote them : and they will either Divert you, Instruct you, or Tire you, after the Humour you are in when you read them.

T'other Day one of the Imaginary serious Wits, who thought it a weakness in any Man to laugh : Seeing a Copy of this Book ; at the opening of it , fell into a Passion, and Wrinkling up his Nostrils like a heated Stallion that had a Mare in the Wind, said, The Book was unworthy of the Title ; for Grave Subjects, should be treated with Decorum, and 'twas to profane Serious Matters, to blend them with Comical Entertainments. What a Mixture is here, says he !

This Variety of Colours, said I to my Censurer, appears very Natural to me ; for if one strictly examines all mens Actions and Discourses, we shall find that Seriousness and Merriment are near Neighbours, and always live together like Friends, if Sullen Moody Sots do not set them at Variance. Every Day shews us, that Serious Maxims, and Soder Counsels, often proceed out of the Mouths of the Pleasantest Companions, and such as affect to be always Grave and Musing, are then more Comical than they think themselves.

My Spark push'd his Remonstrance further : Are not you ashamed, continued

he, to Print *Amusements*? Don't you know, that Man was made for Business, and not to sit amusing himself like an Owl in an Ivy-Bush? To which I answer'd after this manner.

The whole Life of man is but one entire Amusement: Vertue only deserves the Name of Business, and none but they that practise it can be truly said to be employed, for all the World beside are Idle.

One Amuses himself by Ambition, another by Interest, and another by that Foolish Passion Love. Little Folks Amuse themselves in Pleasures, Great Men in the Acquisition of Glory, and I am Amused to think that all this is nothing but Amusement.

Once more, the whole Transactions of our Lives, are but near Amusements, and Life it self is but an Amusement in a continued Expectation of Death.

Thus much for Serious Matters: Let us now make haste to Pleasantry.

I have a great mind to be in Print; but above all, I would fain be an Original, and that is a true Comical Thought: When all the Learned Men in the World are but Translators, is it not a Pleasant jest that you should strive to be an Original! You should have observed your Time, and have come into the World with the Ancient Greeks for that purpose;

pose; for the *Latines* themselves are but Copies.

This Discourse has mightily discouraged me. Is it true then that there is such an Embargo laid upon Invention, that no Man can produce any thing that is perfectly New, and intirely his own? Many Authors, I confess, have told me so: I will enquire further about it, and if Sir *Roger*, Mr. *Dryden*, and Mr. *Dursey* Confirm it, then I will Believe it.

What need all this Toyl and Clutter about Original Authors and Translators? He who Imagines Briskly, Thinks justly, and Writes Correctly, is an Original in the same things that another had thought before him. The Natural Air, and Curious Turn he gives his Translations, and the Application wherewith he graces them is enough to perswade any Sensible Man, that he was able to think and perform the same things, if they had not been thought and done before him, which is an advantage owing to their Birth, rather than to the Excellency of their parts beyond their Successors.

Some of our Modern Writers, that have built upon the Foundation of the Ancients, have far excell'd in disguising their Notions, and improving the first Essays, that they have acquir'd more Glory,

and Reputation, than ever was given to the Original Authors : Nay, have utterly effaced their Memories.

Those who Rob the Modern Writers, study to hide their Thefts; those who filch from the Ancients, account it their Glory. But why the last should be more Reproach'd than the former, I cannot imagine, since there is more Wit in disguising a Thought of Mr. *Lock's*, than in a lucky Translation of a Passage from *Horace*. After all, it must be granted, that the Genius of some Men can never be brought to Write correctly in this Age, till they have form'd their Judgments from the Standard of the *Ancients*, and their delicacy of Expression, from the Variety and Turns of the *Moderns*; and I know no reason, why it should be their Disparagement, to capaciate themselves by these Helps to serve the Publick,

Nothing will please some Men, but Books stuff'd with Antiquity, groaning under the weight of Learned Quotations drawn from the Fountains: And what is all this but Pilfering. But I will neither Rob the Ancient, nor Modern Books, but Pillage all I give you from the Book of the World.

The Book of the World is very Ancient, and yet always New. In all Times,
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Men, and their Passions, have been the Subjects. These Passions were always the same, tho' they have been delivered to Posterity in different Manners, according to the different Constitution of Ages; and in all Ages they are Read by every one according to the Characters of their Wit, and the Extent of their Judgment.

Those who are qualified to Read and Understand the Book of the World, may be beneficial to the Publick, in communicating the Fruit of their Studies; but those that have no other knowledge of the World, but what they collect from Books, are not fit to give Instructions to others.

If the World then is a Book that ought to be read in the Original; One may as well compare it to a Country that one cannot know, nor make known to others, without Traveling thro' it himself. I began this Journey very Young: I always loved to make Reflections upon every thing that presented it self to my View: I was amused in making these Reflections: I have amused myself in Writing them: And I wish my Reader may Amuse himself in Reading them.

Some will think it another Amusement to find a Book without a Dedication,

tion, especially from the Hand which this comes from. For my part I give 'em leave to make what Reflections they please, but I can assure 'em this omission of mine did not happen so much from a Scarcity of *Panegyrick*, as the Want of a *Patron*. For I can Flatter as well as I could twenty Years since, and still retain the Knack of *dignifying* and *distinguishing* such as do not deserve it.

But as the Devil would have it, my L--- such a one has been laugh'd into sense, and has Order'd his Porter to say he is not at home to a Poetical Visitant, the D--- of --- loves to be call'd a Hero no where but in the Frontespiece of a Play; and the M---- of ---- civilly returns his Thanks to the Gentleman for his Present, but without one Piece of Gold to enable him to live up to the Title he compliments him with. The Lady---- loses such Sums at Cards, and her good natur'd Husband is under such apprehension of being Ruffled by the P---, and taken a Peg lower, that *Eligies*, I am afraid, must henceforth supply the place of *Dedications*, and Men of my Profession will be more employ'd in writing on the deaths of the Muses, than making gross Comments on the Lives of those who did not think 'em worth living.

How,

However I am one of the first of the suburban Class, that has ventur'd out with an Amusement of this Bulk, without making application to a Nobleman's Porter, and tying him out with shewing him his Master's name. Which consideration I comfort my self at no small rate with, and if I have sent out into the world, what may divert the Pleasant, please the Serious, and instruct those that are willing to be advis'd, its beyond my expectance, and consequently must be an **AMUSEMENT** to my self as well as others.

Amuse-

Amusement II.

The Voyage of the World.

THERE is no Amusement so entertaining and advantageous, as improving some of our Leisure Time in Traveling, and giving a loose to our Souls that have been upon the stretch, by diverting 'em with agreeable Reflections on the Manners of the different Countries we Journey thro', and the Constitutions of the Several People the Places we visit, are furnish'd with. If any Man therefore has an Inclination to divert himself, and Sail with me round the Globe, to supervise almost all the Conditions of Humane Life, without being infected with the Vanities and Vices that attend such a Whimsical Perambulation; let him follow me, who am going to Relate it in a Stile, and Language, proper to the Variety of the Subject. For as the Carprichio came Naturally into my Pericranium,

cranium, and I am as fond of what is the product of my Fancy, as a young Woman of the Fruits of her lost Virginity, I am resolv'd to pursue it thro' Thick and Thin, in order to enlarge my Capacity for a Man of Business.

Where then shall I begin? In the Name of Mischief what Country will first present it self to my Imagination? *He Bien!* I have hit upon't already: Let's Steer for the Court, for that's the Region whose Inhabitants will Read us the best Lectures of true Knowledge, and give the most Instructive Ideas, that the Prospect of the whole World can possibly *Amuse* us with.

The COURT.

THE Court is a sort of a *το ποτι*, an Epitome of what is Universal, and abounds with all the Variety of *Amusements*, that Humane Occurrences can present us with, or the Mind of Man is Capable of receiving. The Air they breath there, is very fine and
subtile;

subtile; only for about three parts and an half of four in the Year, 'tis liable to be Infected with Gross Vapours full of Flattery and Lying. All the Avenues leading to it are Gay, Smiling, Agreeable to the Sight, and all end in one and the same Point, Honour, and Self-Interest.

Here Fortune keeps her Residence, and seems to expect that we make our Addresses to her, at the bottom of a long Walk, which lies open to all Comers and Goers. One would be apt to think at first sight, that he might reach the End on't, before he could count Twenty; but there are so many By-Walks and Allies to cross, so many Turnings and windings to find out, that he is soon convinced of his mistake. 'Tis contrived into such an Intricate Maze and obscure manner, that the Straitest Way is not always the Nearest; and indirect Practices and Measures are oftentimes very effectual Helps to bring you to your Journey's end, and forward your designs to reach it. It looks Gloriously at a distance, but when you approach it, its Beauty diminishes.

After all the Enquiry I have made about it, I am not able to satisfy your Curiosity, whether the Ground it stands upon be firm and solid. A Dutch Boor can

can as soon make out the contrayented Article of *Predestination*, or an *English* Quaker prove Infallibility from His Wifes lying upon her Back, as the most intelligent Person in Affairs that are foreign to the knowledge of it, can discover the *Arcana's* of it at first sight. I have seen some New Comers tread as confidently upon it, as if they had been Born there ; but quickly found they were in a new World, where the tottering Earth made them Giddy and Stumble : For tho' they knew Good and Evil were equally useful to their Advancement, yet were so confounded, to know which of the two they ought to employ, to make their Fortunes with, that for want of understanding only that pretty knack, they made a Journey to Court only to go back again, and report at Home they had the Honour of seeing it. On the other side, I have seen some Old Stagers walk upon Court Ground, as gingerly as upon Ice, or a Quagmire : And with all the Precaution and Fear imaginable, lest they should fall from a great Fortune by the same defects that rais'd them : And not without cause, for the Ground is Hard in some places, and Sinks in others ; but all people covet to get upon the highest Spot, to which there is no coming but by one

Pas,

Passage, and that is so narrow, that no Ambitious Pretender can keep the Way, without Justling other People down with his Elbows: And the further Mischief on't is, that those that keep their Feet, will not help up those that are fallen: but make use of the same methods as are in practice amongst a certain Community of Birds (Heavens forbid I should say *Canary*,) that expel the *Lame* and *Wounded* from their Society, and are no manner of Company for those that are *Helpless*, while they are still clapping their *Wings* in defence of those who have no occasion for it, and permit every privilege to those of their feather'd Acquaintance, who have the least need of Assistance.

*Stout should his Heart, and thoughtful be
his Head,
That would in slippery Paths with Judgment tread,
And tempt the dangers which on Courts attend,
A smiling Ex'my, and a treach'rous Friend,
As he of great Preferments waits the Call,
Certain to slip, and almost sure to Fall.*

The Difficulties we meet with in this Country, are very surprizing; for he

he takes the longest Way about that keeps the old Track of Honesty and True Merit ; for where the Address of some, does not help to make the fortune of others, immediately to Eclipse his Desert, Calumny raises the thickest Clouds, Envy the Blackest Vapours, and the Candidate is lost in the Fog of Competitors, and must hide himself behind a Favourites Recommendation, if ever he hopes to obtain what he seeks for : So that Vertue is no longer Vertue, nor Vice Vice, but every thing is confounded and eaten up by particular Interests.

A profest Courtier, tho' he never aims at the Peace of God, is past any Man's understanding, and if he does Good, it may be wholly attributed to Chance ; if Evil, you have no reason to impute it to any thing but *design*. He that holds him by the hand, is in the same condition with him that has a wet Eel by the Tail, you no sooner think you are sure of him, but you have lost him ; and he slips through your Fingers, with the same swiftness as he dismisses you from his memory, after a thousand Promises of never forgetting you.

If familiarity breeds Contempt, he ought to be the most despicable Creature living, for my dear Friend, is the first

first Title you go by, tho' he never saw you before that minute, and, *the next time you Visit me, I shall have nothing to do but to give you Joy of the possession of what you are now Asking me for*, is the Dialect you understand him by, when if you understood him as you ought, you would never lose your time in making Addresses to him.

Would you know what Religion he is of, you must enquire of his Prince, for he is the fittest Person to resolve the Question, provided he can give an account of his *own*: But have you a desire to be inform'd what Good he has done for his Country; to deal ingenuously with you, follow my advice, and ask no body, for no Man living can tell you. Other Men's Sins *stare'em in their Faces*, but these Gentlemen's Guilt rides behind'em, and may be distinguish'd by the multitude of their Liveries. If you offer to Present one of'em, *He must be excus'd, he dare not accept it, its Bribery, &c.* But his man calls you a *side*, tells you the Business shall be done, gives the Law a milder Interpretation, and telling over the Guinea's, has a round Sum of his Master for his pains, and is sent out of the way, to prevent the detection of such unwarrantable proceedings.

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his Arm, least his Brains should be overheated, and his Head be rendred not cool enough for him to over-reach his Master with. In short he is *Divisible in infinitum*, and you may as soon square the Circle, as reduce the several Branches of the matters of Fact he may be charg'd with under one single Head. Your puny unexperienc'd Courtier fears every thing, but this Gentleman is skilful in matters of Change, and so well read in the Vicissitudes of sublimary things, that he disdains the Reproaches of the subject; and being wrapt up in the Protection of his Prince, seems apprehensive of nothing, till a Vote of Parliament flings him behind the Curtain, and makes him play at Bo-Peep with Politicks, at which Diversion we will leave him, to take a prospect of yonder gay thing,

That basks himself in his Sovereign's smiles, and has elbow'd out as good a Man, and as well descended as himself, from his Master's Intimacy. He wears much such another habit on his shoulders, as he formerly carried upon his Arm, and as an Instance of his Conquests the last War in the *Netherlands*, has six as good *Flanders* Mares to his Coach as *English* Money could purchase. Some are apt to blame him for making use of
a Coat

a Coat of Arms on it, and maliciously try their Wits in making Enquiries how much Money was paid the Herald for the Purchase of it, but I must have more manners, since he's a *Great Man*, and there is no reason to suspect him for any other than a *Wise One*, for Keeping his ground where the Generality of the same Profession lose theirs. He has had as many Estates as any *English P---* of 'em all, yet is endued with that Fore-cast as not to have a Foot of Land in a Place where one day his Title may happen to be call'd in Question; and as for the *Dirty Acres*, like Sir *Joseph* in Mr *Congreve's Old Batchelour*, he has wash'd his Hands of 'em, but in another manner, for he has sufficiently daub'd 'em with fingering what he receiv'd in Exchange for 'em. In short, *his Mansion House is not in this world*, i. e. in the Kingdoms of *Great Britain* and *Ireland*, tho' his *Abiding-Place* is, and there is such a great *Gulph* between his Possessions and ours, that a *Resumption Act* has as little regard with him as that against *Immorality* and *Prophaness*.

But as this Gentleman has work'd Himself into favour by his good Looks, and Deportment, so it will not be amiss to take a View of that superan-

nuated sinner there, who has had other Qualifications to recommend him. Let me tell you, Sirs, it's a brave thing to be a G---l Offi--r without bearing the fatigues of a Camp, and there's nothing like being paid for a Regiment of *Red Locust*, without running the Hazard of bearing 'em Company amongst the Desolations of War and Famine. It's the Happiest, and most contented state imaginable, to see the Resemblance of Battels without the danger of being wounded in 'em, and hear the *Artillery* roar by day, without any apprehensions of being frightened from *flashing in the pan* at night with One's Mistress. As for my part, if it were allow'd me to chuse my Condition of Life, I should assuredly pitch on such a One as this; only if it was my fortune to have his Bedfellow, I should desire to be without his Age, and in this wish, Madam ----- would not refuse to joyn with me, if report speaks true of her, as Grey Hairs seem to demonstrate in relation to him.

I could pursue my Discourse in the Character of that B---, that has a Pendulum on his Neck, as if he mov'd by Mechanism, but poor honest indefatigable Pains-taker, he has so mortified himself with Fasting and Praying
that

that the *Translation Bill* may not Pass, that it would be a piece of Cruelty to triumph over his Imperfections, tho' the world is apt to Censure him for taking another Man's house over his head, and bespeaking the possession of it before the Tenant, for Life, is dead. A multitude of Observations might also be made on others that inhabit in this slippery Tenement; but as the City is more Peopled than the Court, and consequently must have a greater Number of *Amusements*, we must reserve a greater space for Remarks on it, since there is Matter enough to employ us, shou'd we take up the whole duration of Time, and bespeak Eternity for a Life that is equal to it.

Amusement III.

L O N D O N.

L O N D O N is a World by it self. We daily discover in it more new Countries, and surprizing Singularities, than in all the Universe besides. There are among the *Londiners* so many Nations differing in Manners, Customs, and Religions, that the Inhabitants themselves don't know a quarter of them. Imagine then what an *Indian* wou'd think of such a Motly Herd of people, and what a Diverting Amusement it would be to him, to examine with a Traveller's Eye, all the Remarkable Things of this Mighty City. A Whimsy now takes me in the Head, to carry this Stranger all over the Town with me: No doubt but his Odd and Fantastical Ideas, will furnish me with Variety, and perhaps with Diversion.

Thus

Thus I am resolv'd to take upon me the Genius of an *Indian*, who has had the Curiosity to Travel hither among us, and who had never seen any thing like what he sees in *London*. We shall see how he will be amazed at certain things, which the Prejudice of Custom makes to seem Reasonable and Natural to us.

To diversifie the stile of my Narration, I will sometimes make my Traveller speak, and sometimes I will take up the Discourse my self. I will represent to my self the abstracted Ideas of an *Indian*, and I will likewise represent ours to him. In short, taking it for granted, that we two understand one another by half a word, I will set both his and my Imagination on the Ramble. Those that won't take the Pains to follow us, may stay where they are, and spare themselves the trouble of reading further in the Book ; but they that are minded to Amuse themselves, ought to attend the Caprice of the Author for a few Moments.

I will therefore suppose this *Indian* of mine, dropt perpendicularly from the Clouds, and finds himself all on the sudden in the midst of this Prodigious and Noisy City, where Repose and Silence dare scarce shew their Heads in

the Darkest Night. At first Dash the confused Clamours near *Temple Bar*, Stun him, Fright him, and make him Giddy.

He sees an infinite Number of different *Machines*, all in violent Motion. Some Riding on the Top, some Within, others Behind, and *Jehu* in the Coach-Box before, whirling some Dignify'd Villain towards the *Devil*, who has got an Estate by Cheating the Publick. He Lolls at full Stretch within, and half a Dozen Brawny Bulk-begotten Foot-men behind.

In that *dark Shop* there, several Mysteries of Iniquity have seen the *Light*, and its a sign our Saviour's Example is little regarded, since the Money-changers are suffer'd to live so near the *Temple*. To'ther side of the Way directs you to a House of a more sweet smelling Savour than its Owner's Conscience, and you can no sooner prepare your self to make Water near his Back Window, but you shall have an obliging Female look thro' her Fingers to take the Dimensions of the *Pipe* that emits it. Here stands a shop-keeper, who has not Soul enough to wear a Beaver Hat, with the Key of his Small Beer in his Pocket, and not far from him, a stingy Trader who has

has no Small Beer to have a Key to. One side of the Way points you out a Bookfeller turn'd Quack, with his *Elixirs* and Gally-pots ready to poison old *Galen*, and the rest of his Worm-eaten Men of Physick's Works, which have taken no other Air than what blows upon his *Stall*, since they unhappily fell into his hands; and to'ther directs you to a Divinity-monger, who to the D--- of St. P---'s immortal Credit, is ready to attest, that there is one living that has got Money by him, and can prove any Man's Opinion to be Heterodox, and inconsistent with that of the Christian Church, if he believes otherwise.

Some Carry, others are Carry'd: *Make Way there*, says a Gouty-Leg'd Chairman, that is carrying a Punk of Quality to a Mornings Exercise: Or a *Bartholomew-Baby Beau*, newly Launch'd out of a Chocolate-House, with his Pockets as empty as his Brains. *Make Room there*, says another Fellow driving a Wheel-Barrow of Nuts, that spoil the Lungs of the City Prentices, and make them Wheeze over their Mistresses, as bad as the Phlegmatick Cuckolds their Masters do, when call'd to Family Duty. One Draws, another Drives. *Stand up there, you blind dog*, says a Carman,

man, *Will you have the Cart squeeze your Guts out ?* One Tinker knocks, another Bawls, *Have you brass Pot, Iron Pot, Kettle, Skilit, or a Frying-Pan to mend :* Whilst another Son of a Whore yelps louder than *Homer's Stentor*, *Two a Groat and Four for Six Pence Mackerel.* One draws his mouth up to his Ears, and Howls out, *Buy my Flawnders*, and is followed by an Old Burly Drab, that Screams out the sale of her *Mades* and and her *Sole* at the same Instant.

Here a Sooty Chimney-Sweeper takes the Wall of a Grave *Alderman*, and a *Broom-Man* Juffles the *Parson* of the Parish. There a Fat Greasie Porter runs a Trunk full Butt upon you, while another Salutes your Antlers with a Flasket of *Eggs* and *Butter*. *Turn out there you Country Put*, says a Bully, with a Sword two Yards long jarring at his Heels, and throws him into the Channel. By and by comes a *Christning*, with the *Reader*, screwing up his mouth to deliver the Service *alamode de Paris*, and afterwards talk immoderately nice and dull with the Gossips, and the *Mid-wife* strutting in the Front, and Young Original Sin as fine as sip-pence, follow'd with the Vocal Musick of *Kitchen-Stuff* *ha' you Maids* ; and a damn'd *Trumpeter* calling in the Rabble to see a Calf with
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Six Legs and a Top-knot. There goes a Funeral, with the Men of Rosemary after it, licking there Lips after their three Hits of White, Sack and Claret, at the House of Mourning, and the Sexton walking before, as Big and Bluff as a *Beef-Eater* at a Coronation. Here's a *Poet* scampers for't as fast as his Legs will carry him, and at his Heels a Brace of *Bandog Bayliffs*, with open mouths ready to Devour him, and all the Nine Muses ; and there an *Evidence* ready to spew up his *false Oaths* at the sight of the common *Executioner*.

We were jogging forward into the City, when our *Indian* cast his Eye upon one of his own Complexion, at a certain Coffee-house which has the *sun* staring its Sign in the face, even at *Midnight* when the Moon is Queen Regent of the Planets, and being willing to be acquainted with his Country-man, gravely enquir'd what Province or Kingdom of *India* he belong'd to ; but the sooty Dog could do nothing but Grin, and shew his Teeth, and cry, *Coffee, Sir, Tea, will you please to walk in, Sir, a fresh Pot upon my word*. Wherefore to rest our selves a little, and recover our Ears from the deafness which the confus'd Noise of the Street had occasion'd in 'em, we follow'd ; and at the Entrance
of

of the Room, according to ancient Custom, saluted the handsom Woman at the Bar with our Hats, and took our Seats. But we had no sooner plac'd our selves, when a Gentleman whose Sword was in Mourning for his extravagance, and whose Wig had out-liv'd every such thing as a Curl in it, came and sat down by us, and perceiving us to be Strangers, under pretext of Civility accosted us with Discourses relating to the Town, &c. The *Indian*, for his part, hearken'd to him very attentively ; but I who had been accustomed to such sort of Pensioners took him aside, and told him I had heard the Story of *Sir John* several times, that the *Indian* was a Person of Philosophy, &c. however he might call for a Dish of Coffee or two, they were at his service, provided he wou'd spare the repetition of his *Legend* to us, at a time when there were so many young Fops that had both leisure and inclination enough to believe every word he said, and would probably give him a Dinner for his pains.

We were no sooner got rid of our Impertinent, but had a hurry of Objects, whose every individual was worthy our strictest observation : Parsons, Lawyers, Apothecaries, Projectors, Excisemen,

cisemen, Organists, Picturesellers, Fiddlers and Bailiffs, were the several Ingredients this Miscellany of Mortality was compos'd of, and it was extremely pleasant to take notice of a certain *Mechanick*, who mov'd like Clock-work, a dandling another *Woman's* Children, and as fond of 'em as if they were his *own*. But what call'd for our particular observation, was a certain Triumvirate of Persons who are always fond of a *particular* place, and are as constantly to be seen sitting on the Bench near the Fire, as a certain Church-Warden of *St. B----* in the same Street is giving Audience in his Shop amongst *Old Jack Philips's* merry Politicks, to Beedles, and other Underlings of the Parish, from Eight to Ten in the morning in his Night-Cap. These Gentlemen, with very *cogitabund* Aspects, made up the three degrees of comparison amongst 'em. The least of 'em to give the Company a tincture of his exemplary Sobriety, cry'd, *I'm the most abstemious Man in the World*; the middlemost for his part as he had nothing in him, so he pretended to emit nothing from him, but contented himself with the name of an humble Auditor; but the Tallest, like the Son of *Kish*, having found his two *Asses* manag'd 'em accordingly: As he was singular

gular in the position of his Hat, so he held Opinions contrary to the rest of the World, and he was grown so *scabbed* with the *Itch* of disputing that for the sake of shewing his Parts, the worst of Persuasions were as Orthodox with him as the best. Sometimes he argu'd on the side of Popery because it tolerated Pictures, another time *Geneva* was a blessed Place on account of its Inhabitants not regarding 'em, whence he deduc'd this lucky inference, that a Man who sold 'em again might buy 'em cheap there. Whatever the Doctrin was, Interest was the Application, and *Oliver Cromwell's* Picture was in more esteem with him than *Charles* the Martyr's, if it bore a higher price. This worthy Person also desir'd to be amongst the number of the *Abstemious*, and knew the method prime well of talking Three Hours for a penny-worth of Tea; but that Man that cannot abstain from *flesh* in *Lent*, is like to pass undistinguish'd from the rest of his fellow Creatures, whose Failings he's so apt to take notice of.

So many Contradictions fell from the mouth of this *would be an Oracle*, with his Hat button'd behind, that the judicious *Indian* was in hast to be gone to a Place where he might have more instructive

fructive discourse, wherefore we left him, and his *abstemious* Comrades, and taking our leave of Smoke, Noise and Nonsense, made the best of our way down the *Exchange*, without making any other Observations than that there were more *Monthly* Collections in one Shop than would be sold in a *twelve Month*, and malice and ill-nature in the Owner of another, than he could disperse amongst his Neighbours, should he live to the next Year of Jubilee.

As our way to the great Cathedral lay down Street, so we forbore going to see the Place where *Peter's* Wife formerly stood, to pay a Visit to what was consecrated to *Paul*. Tho' there are People of some Persuasions that don't stick to say one *Temple* is full as Edifying as the other, and many Women entertain those thoughts of Elopement at Church, which they after put in practice at Taverns. But businesses of this nature are grown so frequent in this City, that in a short time we shall sooner admire at the Continency of a Married Woman, than her want of it; and since there is no other Punishment than for 'em to be depriv'd by Act of Parliament of the Company they fled from, in all probability we shall, in a short time, have more Horns of our growth here, than are to be found in the *New Forrest*.

After

After a happy deliverance from the brawling consort of Fish-women, and those that sell Puddings and Pyes on *Fleet-Bridge*, and our Passage by good King *Lud*, and his two Sons, where the poor Citizens are confin'd, and Starve amidst Copies of their Freedom, we enter'd in at the *Strait Gate*, which is Westward of that noble Edifice, and leads us into those Paths which as our Religion teaches us, tend to Salvation. The multitude of Workmen, the Bulk of the Stones, and the prodigious circumference of the Pillars, amaz'd my Companion to such a degree, that could we have met Sir *Christopher Wren*, he would have pay'd him that Act of Adoration the Place was built for an Infinite Being to receive. He look'd upon the labour that was spent in building the *Chinese Wall* to be nothing to it, &c. however, after he was recovered from his wonder, he could not but observe from the smallness of the Windows, that the Builder was no Euthuasiast, and had no Intention to make any great Boasts of the *Light within*.

He agreed the Choir was very Magnificent, the Iron work exquisitely fram'd, and nothing could be more agreeable than the Organ, but having met with
very

very little that look'd like Religion before, since his arrival in these Parts, he seem'd inquisitive in relation to the numerous Congregation, and reasons that brought 'em together. When I return'd for Answer, These dark Souls in *white* Garments here come for the sake of their Salaries, and are *hir'd* to ask Blessings for *themselves*; those Gentlemen that know nothing of the matter, and carry all their Devotion in their Eyes and Ears, are Strangers, and *come in only to go out again*; and those Ladies that look thro' their Fingers while the Service is *Singing*, had never been here but for the sake of the *Musick* and *Long Perukes*.

This sort of Devotion was a new manner of Worship, to a Person who was born in a Country where they were such Bigots to the Profession they were Educated in, and he express'd his dislike of it in Terms which bore a suitable abhorrence of such unjustifiable Proceedings. Wherefore we turn'd our backs on Bishop *Overall's* tall meagre Disciple, not staying to see him take his Wife, alias his *Reasons*, in his hand after the Service was done, and bid Adieu to the Residentiary's Stalls, whose Owners made a *Sine Cure* of 400 *l. per Annum*; while *H---ll* was a stretching
D his

his Lungs in order to maintain a long white Wig, and a Hackney Coach, and the worthy Subdean was chanting forth such deep Strains, as made it appear to the Female Audience, that tho' he had not a *Chamber-Voice*, his Quail-Pipe shew'd him excellently well qualify'd for Chamber-practice. But before we got out of this venerable Dome, I chanc'd to hammer out the following Stanza's, in relation to the rebuilding it:

*This Fabrick which at first was built,
To be God's House of Pray'r,
And not to pamper Priests in Guilt,
Or hold a sleeping Mayor;
Once perish'd by the vengeful Flame,
Which all its Beauties raz'd,
Nor could its awful Patron's Name,
Protect the Pile it grac'd.
But as it fell before, by Fire,
Which then destroy'd it whole,
So now to Heav'n its Heights aspire,
And rise again by Coal.*

Our direct Way to the great place of Noise and Tumult the *Royal Exchange*, lying down *Cheapside*, we forbore paying a Visit to the Booksellers in the Church-Yard, but left one rich old Curmudgeon walking about his Shop in Vindication of a *Perpetual Motion*, that having got by the Priesthood to shew

shew his Gratitude, was perpetually cloath'd like a Parish Clerk ; another sitting behind his Compter with multitudes of Rheams of Divinity Waste-Papers about him, in expectation of some Clergy-man or other, whom he had lost by, to take a hearty Glass with ; and a Third a tearing those Calculations of gain in a Fury which he had made, and assur'd himself of before *Dampier's* last unsuccessful Voyage, to hasten our Arrival at that Fabrick, where Mankind seems to be Epitomiz'd, and the different Tempers of Humanity in its several Species tend to one Center, viz. Self-interest, which is accounted the *Summum Bonum*.

But as *Cheapside* is a Street well furnish'd with matter for Observations, and the Shop-keepers stand here on purpose to be taken notice of, so it may possibly be look'd upon as an indecency offer'd to their Employments to pass by 'em without a Compliment, or an Harrangue upon their Characters ; for they are the fondest People living of being made Publick, and rather than not be *known* at all, would be known for what *they are*. However I must *husband* my observations at this time, and since a more Convenient opportunity will offer itself hereafter, shall only take notice that

my *Indian*, whether out of the several indigested Ideas he had receiv'd from the diversity of Objects he met with, or a sort of a surprize that had laid hold of him, at the sight of the Chimney-Sweepers at the Conduit, that look'd so much like his own Country-men, was taken sick in an Instant, and I was forc'd to carry him to a Neighbouring Physician, whom some have falsly aspers'd with the Name of a *Horse-Doctor*, because he lives so near their *Furniture Office*.

The Worshipful Graduate in the noble Art of Man-slaughter, receiv'd us with a Civility that was peculiar to him at the sight of four Half-Crowns, and tho' he had made a *Sine Cure* of most of his other Patients, recover'd him from his Indisposition in an Instant. But as the Doctor's Voluminous Works made no ordinary Figure amongst the Refuse of the Learned in *Duck-Lane*, or those redoubted Authors that take the benefit of the Air upon the Rails in *Morefields*, so the Method he made use of towards his Recovery was altogether uncommon and extraordinary. In a word, we were no sooner enter'd into his Consultation-Room, but the Physician in Ordinary made his appearance with two large Folio's in his hands, and
having

having ask'd me the nature of my Friends Distemper, (for he was not then capable of giving him an Account of it himself) and made some enquiry, with his Fingers, in relation to the Beating of the Pulse, he open'd the *tremendous* Page by way of Exorcism, and fell a Reading one of the Descriptions of Prince A-----'s Battles so pathetically, that the very Noise of the Words awaken'd the modest *Indian* out of his Lethurgy, and by way of Sympathy recover'd him from one Fright, by putting him into another.

For Heaven's sake, said the Patient, my dear Friend, where are we, or what Language does that honest Gentleman there make use of that rattles so mightily in the Throat, and confounds a Man's Understanding by endeavouring to improve it? This is one of our *English* Doctors, cry'd I, that having *Murdered* the People, is for extirpating the *Language*, and falling foul upon every individual Syllable that composes the Vocabulary. He's a Poet, let me tell you, and what is more, makes Verses in his own Coach too; he tell's a Story admirably well in a Coffee-house, if Apothecaries and Surgeons are Judges, and has been sometime since made a Fool of at Court, if there are any wise Men there.

there. In short, he has been dignify'd with a Title for making a King of a Prince, and whatever you do you must use him as the Great ones have done, that is, flatter him, and tell him he's the best Man at Heroicks in the Present Age, or he'll dismiss you with a Pill to rectify your Judgment, that shall send you to a Place where a great many bold *Tell-troths* are gone before you. If you intend to dine with him, or Sit within ten Yards of him, up one Pair of Stairs at *Garraway's Coffee-House*, you must cry, *Sir R--- your Paraphrase upon Job out does your Two Ar-----s*, but for your own dear Health's sake, don't say in Dulness. This thought put me in mind of some Verses a Friend of mine wrote some time since on that inimitable Undertaking, which for the Novelty of the Expression, and the Odness of thought, I judg'd proper to communicate, as follows;

*When Job, contending with the Devil, I saw,
It did my Wonder, but not Pitty draw:
For I concluded, that without some Trick,
A Saint at any time could match Old Nick.*

*Next, came a fiercer Fiend upon his Back,
I mean his Spouse, and stunn'd him with her Clack;
But still I could not pity him, as knowing
A Crab-tree Cudgel soon would send her going.*

But

*But when the Quack engag'd with Job I spy'd,
 The Lord have mercy on poor Job, I cry'd,
 What Spouse and Satan did attempt in vain,
 The Quack will compass with his Murdring Pen,
 And on a Dungbil leave poor Job again.
 With Impious Doggrel he'll pollute his Theme,
 And make the Saint against his Will blaspheme.*

From hence we made towards the *Royal Exchange*, and between *Sadlers-Hall* and *Woodstreet* met a Friend of mine that deals in Linnen, standing at a Shop door, and having occasion for his acquaintance, in Order to take up some Shirts and Hankercheifs which Men under Poetical Circumstances generally stand in need of, I struck into discourse with him, but the first thing, as ill luck would have it, I cast my eyes on, was an Inscription in several Places of the Shop, which made me almost as mute as a Fish, and was, *No Trust upon Retail*. However I recover'd my self from it, by reflecting that his mischievous sort of a Caveat did not exclude those that would tick upon *Wholesale*. Wherefore rather than not be a Customer, I propos'd to take up several whole Pieces by way of credit, but the Cream of the Jest was the Man knew his Trade, as also that which I had made profession of, so that I was never the farther from continuing shirtless from the proposal.

We were now almost come to *Wood-street Corner*, when I bethought my self it was more adviseable to go on the other side of the street, than to endanger my Corps by coming within reach of the *Men-Eaters*, that stood not far off *seeking whom they might devour*, and desir'd the *Indian* to cross over the way, which he did accordingly. Avoid that Turning, said I, if you would have me for your Companion, for it's a place of no Security for a Man who has made use of the Publick Faith as I have. Those Fellows that give their attendance a little below, at the Prison Gate, I must be plain with you, are no Company for Poets, I have been too lately under their Clutches to desire any more dealings with 'em, and I cannot come within a Furlong of the *Rose Spunging-House* without Five or Six Yellow Boys in my Pockets to cast out those Devils there, who would otherwise infallibly take Possession of me. With that, I told him how I had once (on account of damn'd *Noverint Universis*, and other Heretical Papers, as Notes under my Hand, &c.) been confin'd there, that being without hopes of Release, I had put Pen to Paper and written my own Elegy, which being too long to be repeated, I satisfied his Curiosity in some part, by the Reherfal

herfal of the following Epitaph, which
was the close of it.

*Reader, beneath this Turf I lye,
And hold my self content,
Piss, if you please, pray what care I,
Since now my Life is spent?*

A Marble Stone indeed might keep

My Body from the Weather,

And gather People as I sleep

And call more Fools together :

But hadst thou been from whence I came,

Thou'dst never mince the matter,

But shew thy Sentiments the same,

And hate Stone-Doublets after.

I'm dead, and that's enough t' acquaint

A Man of any Sense,

That if he's looking for a Saint,

He must go farther hence.

Between two Roses down I fell,

As 'twixt two Stools a Platter ;

One held me up exceeding well

To other did no such matter :

The Rose by Temple Bar gave Wine,

Exchang'd for Chalk and fill'd me,

But being for the Ready Coin,

The Rose in Wood-street kill'd me.

My Companion was pleas'd to see me
so merry under my Affliction, but being
of a Genius altogether full of Speculation
diverted the Discourse to more material
enquiries in Relation to Trade, which
he saw was the whole Business of our
Citizens.

While

While I behold this Town of *London*,
 said our Contemplative Traveller,
 I fancy I behold a Prodigious Animal.
 The Streets are as so many *Veins*,
 wherein the People Circulate. With
 what Hurry and Swiftneſs is the Cir-
 culation of *London* perform'd? You be-
 hold, cry'd I to him, the Circulation that
 is made in the Heart of *London*, but it
 moves more briskly in the Blood of the
Citizens, they are always in Motion
 and Activity. Their Actions ſucceed
 one another with ſo much Rapidity,
 that they begin a Thouſand Things
 before they have finiſh'd one, and finiſh
 a thouſand others before they may
 properly be ſaid to have begun them.

They are equally incapable both of
 Attention and Patience, and tho' no-
 thing is more quick, than the Effects of
 Hearing and Seeing; yet they dont
 allow themſelves time either to Hear or
 See; but like Moles, work in the
 Dark, and Undermine one another.

All their Study and Labour is either
 about Profit, or Pleaſure; and they
 have Schools for the Education of their
 Stalking-Horſes, which they call *Ap-
 prentices* in the Myſtery of *Trade*. A
 Term unintelligible to Foreigners, and
 which none truly underſtand the Mean-
 ing of, but thoſe that practice it.

Some

Some call it *Over-witting* those they deal with, but that's generally denied as a Heterodox Definition ; for Wit was never counted a *London* Commodity, unless among their Wives, and other City Sinners ; and if you search all the Warehouses and Shops, from *White-Chappel* Bars, to *St. Clement's*, if it were to save a Mans Life, or a Womans Honesty, you cannot find one Farthing worth of *Wit* among them.

Some derive this Heathenish Word *Trade* from an *Hebrew* Original, and call it *Over-Reaching*, but the *Jews* deny it, and say the Name and Thing is wholly *Christian* ; and for this Interpretation quote the Authority of a *London Alderman*, who sold a *Jew* five Pairs of Right-handed Gloves, without any Fellows to them, and afterwards made him purchase the Left-handed ones to Match them, at double the Value.

Some call *Trade*, *Honest Gain*, and to make it more Palatable, have lacker'd it with the Name of *Godliness* ; and hence it comes to pass, that the Generality of *Londoners* are accounted such Eminent Professors ; but of all Guessers, he comes nearest the Mark, that said *Trade* was playing a Game at *Losing Loadum*, or dropping *Fools* Pence into *Knaves* Pockets, till the *Sellers* were

were Rich, and the *Buyers* were Bankrupts.

That Magnificent Building, there, which stands in the Middle of *London*, is for the Accommodation of the *Lady Trade*, and her Heirs and Successors for ever, and is so full of Amusements about Twelve a Clock every Day, that one would think all the World was converted into News-Mongers and Intelligencers ; for that's the first Salutation among all Mankind that frequent that Place : What News from *Scanderoon* and *Alep-po* ? says the *Turkey Marchant*. What Price bears Currants at *Zant* ? Apes at *Tunis* ? Religion at *Rome* ? Cutting a Throat at *Naples* ? Whores at *Venice* ? And the Cure of a Clap at *Padua* ?

What News of such a Ship ? say's, the *Insurer*, Is there any hope of her being Cast away, say's the *Adventurer*, for I have Insured more by a Thousand Pounds, than I have in her ? So have I through Mercy, say's a second, and therefore let's leave a Letter of Advice for the Master, at the New Light-House at *Plimouth*, that he does not fail to touch at the *Goodwin-Sands*, and give us Advice of it from *Deal*, or *Canterbury*, and he shall have another Ship for his Faithful Service as soon as he comes to *London*.

I have a Bill upon you, Brother, says one *Alderman* to another. Go Home, Brother, says the other, and if Money and my Man be Absent, let my Wife pay you out of her *Privy-Purse*, as your *Good Wife* lately Paid a Bill at Sight for me, I thank her Ladyship.

Hark you, Mr. *Broker*, I have a Parcel of excellent Log-wood, Block-tin, Spiders Brains, Philosophers Guts, *Don Quixot's* Windmills, Hens-Teeth, Ell-Broad Pack-Thread, and the Quintessence of the Blue of Plumbs. Go you Puppy, you are fit to be a Broker, and dont know that the *Greshamites* buy up all these Rarities by Wholesale all the Year, and Retail them out to the Society every first of *April*.

Hah, Old Acquaintance ! Touch *Flesh* : I have been seeking thee all the *Change* over. I have a pressing Occasion for some Seeds of Sedition, *Jacobite Rue*, and *Whig Herb of Grace*, Can't furnish me ? Indeed lau, No ; saith the Merchant, I have just parted with them to the several Coffee-Houses about the Town, where the respective Merchants meet that Trade in those Commodities ; but if you want but a small Parcel, you may be supplied by Mrs. *Bald-n*, or *Da-y*,
and

and his Son-in-Law *Bell and Clapper*, and most Bookfellers in *London* and *Westminster*. Da, da, I'll about it immediately. Stay a little Mr. ----- I have a Word in private to you. If you know any of our *Whig* Friends that have occasion for any Stanch Votes for the Choice of Mayors or Sheriffs, that were Calculated for the Meridian of *London*, but will serve indifferently for any City, or Corporation in *Europe*, our Friend Mr. *Pats*--- has abundance that lie upon his Hands, and will be glad to dispose of them a good Pennyworth. Enough said, the other They are no Winters Traffick, for tho' Mayors and Woodcocks come in about *Michaelmas*, they don't lay Springes for Sheriffs till about Midsummer, and then we'll talk with him about those weighty Matters.

There stalks a Sergeant and his Mace, smelling at the Merchants Backsides, like a Hungry Dog for a Dinner,

There Walks a Publick *Notary* tied to an Inkhorn, like an Ape to a Clog, to put off his Heathen-Greek Commodities, Bills of Store, and Charter Parties.

That Wheezing Sickly Shew, with his Breeches full of the Prices of Male and Female Commodities, Projects,
Com-

Complaints, and all Mismanagements from *Dan* to *Bersheba*, is the *Devils Broker*, and may be spoken withal every *Sunday* from Eleven in the Morning, till Four in the Afternoon, at the next *Quakers Meeting*, to his Lodging, and not after ; for the rest of his time on that Day he employs in adjusting his Accompts, and playing at *Back-Gammon* with his Principal.

There goes a Rat-catcher in state, Brandishing his Banner like a Blackamore in a Pageant on the Execution Day of Roast Beef, Greasie Geese, and Custards.

And there Sneaks a Hunger-starv'd Usurer of a Drugster in quest of a Crasie Citizen for Use and Continuance-Money, whom the other shuns as carefully as a Sergeant, and avoids with as much Industry as he does making up his accounts with God Almighty.

Now say I to my *Indian*, Is not all this Hodg-Podge a pleasant Confusion, and a perfect Amusement? The Astonish'd Traveller reply'd, Without doubt the Indigested *Chaos* was but an imperfect representation of this congregated Huddle. But that which most Amuses my Understanding, is to here 'em speak all Languages, and talk of nothing but Trucking, and Bartering, Buying and Selling,

Selling, Borrowing and Lending, Paying and Receiving; and yet I see nothing they have to dispose of, unless those that have them sell their Gold Chains, the Braziers their Leather Aprons, the Young Merchants their Swords, or the old Ones their Canes and Oaken-Plants, that support their Feeble Carcases. That doubt, quoth I to my inquisitive *Indian*, is easily solved, for tho their Grosser Wares are at Home in their Store-Houses, they have many things of Value to Truck for, that they always carry about them: As Justice for Fat Capons to be delivered before Dinner. A Reprieve from the Whipping-Post, for a Dozen Bottles of Claret to drink after it. Licences to sell Ale for a Hoghead of Stout to his Worship; and leave to keep a Coffee-Honse, for a Cask of *Cold Tea* to his Lady. Name but what you want, and I'll direct you to the Walks where you shall find the Merchants that will Furnish you. Would you buy the Common Hunt, the Common Cryers, the Bridge-Master's, or the Keeper of *Newgate's* Places? Stay till they fall and a Gold-Chain, and a Great Horse will direct you to the Proprietors. Would you buy any Naked Truth, or Light in a Dark-Lanthorn? Look in the

the *Wet-Quakers Walk*. Have you occasion for Comb-Brushes, Tweezers, Cringes or Complements, *A la mode*? The *French Walk* will supply you. Want you Old Cloaks, Plain Shoes, or Formal Gravity? You may fit your self to a Cows-Thumb among the *Spaniards*.

Have you any Use in your Country for Upright Honesty, or Downright Dealing? You may buy plenty of them both among the *Stock-Jobbers*, for they are dead Commodities, and that Society are willing to quit their Hands of them.

Would you lay out your *Indian Gold* for a *New Plantation*? Enquire for the *Scotch Walk*, and you buy a Good Pennyworth in *Darien*: Three of your own Kings, for as many New *Hats*, and all their Nineteen Subjects into the Purchase, to be delivered at the *Scotch East-India Office*, by Parson *Pat-tison*, or their Secretary *Wisdom Webster*. If you want any Tallow Rap-paree's Hides, or *Popish* Massacres, enquire in the *Irish Walk*, and you cannot lose your Labour: But I am interrupted.

Look Yonder's a *Jew* treading upon an *Italian's* Foot, to carry on a Sodomitical Intrigue, and Bartering their

E

Souls

Souls here, for fire and Brimstone in another World.

See, there's a Beau that has Play'd away his Estate at a Chocolate-House, going to Sell himself to *Barbadoes*, to keep himself out of *Newgate*, and from Scandalizing his Relations at *Tyburn*.

There's a Poet Reading his Verses, and squeezing his Brains into an Amorous Cit's pockets, in hopes of a Tester to buy himself a Dinner.

Behind that Pillar is a *Welch Herald*, deriving a Merchant's Pedigree from *Adam's* Great-Grandfather, to entitle him to a Coat of Arms, when he comes to be Alderman.

Take notice of that tall black Gentleman; there is scarce a Merchant-ship at Sea but he has a Share in her, and scarce a Corporation in *England* that he has not been Tampering with for the Choice of M---b---rs of P-----. Would you think a Man of his Appearance had been brought upon his Knees before the H--- of C---, or that a Person of so goodly and wise an Aspect could be spew'd out of a Place, where only *wise Men* should meet together. But more unlikely things have come to pass, witness that Merry A----- Fortune there, who has neither Parts nor Countenance to recommend

mend him to any Conversation but that of the Fair Sex, yet he keeps his Place, and *Represents* the Town that Chose him to a Miracle. Say that he came in by Bribery if you dare his Gifts are Acts of Charity, and 'tis Heretical to say that he is not a Godly Conscientious Man, in making himself *Great* by providing for the Poor. He give Mony! 'Tis no such thing; he *Builds Houses*, in order to get *into one*, and pull down our Constitution. A pleasant sort of a spark, the Mayor and Aldermen of *R--d--g* can never want a Representative while Spinning of Flax goes on so merrily among 'em, nor the City of *L----* want a *M---*, while such as he are suffer'd to set up for Chief Magistrate. However his Wife has another Opinion of him, and she that shew'd *her* wisdom in the Choice of such a *Husband*, thinks he shews *his* in being Chosen for such a *C--p---tion*. But that unaccountable Knight there, has more Comedy in him than all his Fellow Citizens besides. Ask on what day the New War with *France* and *Spain* is to be Proclaim'd, he'll tell you he knows the Time to a Second of a Minute; desire to know of him when the King comes over from *Holland*, or whereabouts in the *Neatherlands* the

first Hostilities will break out, and he'll lay *Ten to One* he points out the Time and *Place* to you. Would you be told what he is worth, you are to be inform'd he is better stock'd with Projects than any New *East-Indian* of 'em all, and where he chiefly signaliz'd his Courage, you'l be answer'd in the famous Campaign the City Regiment made, and at *Tunbrige* where a damn'd unlucky Pipin made him *save himself* after he had *lost his Mony*. As he was made a *Knight* from a *News-monger*, so he is again become a *Gamester* from a *Sh---*, and if I was to venture a Wager on his side, it should be, that the first thing he did was to *lay one*, neither would I refuse to go his Halves, would he make these the Conditions on which he ventur'd his Mony, *viz.* That the C---p---tion of B---b---r in *Suffex* and S---d---ch in *Kent* don't know his Abilities so well as I do: That he is not Master of those Fortunes which the World thinks him to be, nor Possessor of that Magazine of Brains he himself would have us think he is; That whatever he has done by way of Stock-jobbing other Commodities, the L---ds D--- S--- and H----- can witness from his Conversation at *Garraway's*. He never monopoliz'd Wit, or engross'd any thing

thing like it to his own use. These Propositions would bring us both in Mony, and his *Sagacity* would run a less risque in laying on their side, than he did some Years since about the Siege of *Namur*. But he has got some Wager in his Head, and is March'd off with his Chapman to a *Publick Notary* to confirm it, and so much for Sir *H-----*.

Why first here is a *Ship* to be sold, with all her Tackle and Lading. There are Vertuous Maidens that are willing to be Transported with *William Penn* into *Maryland*, for the Propagation of *Quakerism*. In another is a *Tutor* to be hired, to instruct any Gentleman's, or Merchant's Children in their own Families: And under that an Advertisement of a *Milch-Ass*, to be sold at the Night-Man's in *White-Chapple*.

In another Column in a *Gilded-Frame* was a Chamber-Maid that wanted a Service; and over her an Old Bachelor that wanted a House-keeper. On the sides of these were two lesser Papers, one containing an Advertisement of a Red-Headed Monkey, lost from a Seed-Shop in the *Strand*, with two Guineas Reward to him or her that shall bring him Home again with his

Tail and Collar on. On the other side was a large Folio fill'd with Wet and Dry Nurfes; and Houfes to be Lett; and Parrots, Canary-Birds, and Setting Dogs to be fold.

Having no occasion for VVet-Nur-fes, &c. since my Children fat by other Folks Fires, and being desirous to give my *Indian*, a sight of the most Remarkable things my time would allow me; we squeez'd out of the throng of Cuckolds, and went to make a visit to the *Madmen* in *Morefelds*..

Bedlam is a pleasant Piece, that it is, and abounds with Amusements; the first of which is the Building so stately a Fabrick for Persons wholly unsensible of the Beauty and Use of it: The Outside is a perfect Mockery to the Inside, and admits of two Amusing Queries: VVhether the Persons that ordered the Building it, or those that Inhabit it, were the Maddest? And whether the Name and Thing be not as disagreeable as Harp and Harrow? But what need I wonder at that, since the whole is but one Intire Amusement: Some were Preaching, and others in full Cry a Hunting. Some were Praying, others Curling and Swearing. Some were Dancing, others Groaning. Some Singing, others Cry-
ing

ing, and all in perfect Confusion. A
 sad Representation of the greater Chi-
 merical VWorld, only in this there's no
 VWhoring, Cheating, or Sleeping, un-
 less after the *Platonick* Mode in thought,
 for want of Action. However any
 Gentleman that is dispos'd for a Touch
 of the Times may take his Choice for
 the Price of a Penny, which is *Cerberus*
 his Fee at the Entry; or any Lady that
 has got the *Prurigo Copulandi* has a
 Spark at her Service to be found walk-
 ing here any time of the day. Is your
 VVife, or your Daughter *Mad* for
 Something that shall be nameless, send
 'em hither to be made *Sober*; or has
 any one a Relation Male or Female
 that is over *Bashful*, let not either Him
 or her despair of a cure, for here are
 Guests enough to teach 'em to part
 with their Modesty. As the Buildings
 took their Magnificence from a Pal-
 lace at *Paris*, so the Company that re-
 sort to make assignations within 'em,
 very often bring off the *Parisian* distem-
 per from the Bottled Ale and Chees-
 cakes, which are eaten after they are
 Coupled and gone out of 'em, and if
 we have been Witty upon the *French*
 in giving *Bedlam* the Resemblance of
 the *Louvre*, they have been even with
 us to a witness, by making a present

of a Disease to us, which may be bargain'd for with no more difficulty, than half a Turn in the *Long Gallery*.

Here were *Persons* Confined that having no Money nor Friends, and but a small Stock of Confidence; run Mad for want of Preferment. A *Poet* that for want of Wit and Sense, run Mad for want of Victuals, and a Hard-favour'd *Citizens Wife*, that lost her Wits because her Husband had so little as to let her know that he kept a Handsome Mistress.

In this Apartment was a *Common Lawyer* Pleading; in another a *Civilian* Sighing; a third enclosed a *Jacobite* Ranting against the Revolution; and a fourth a Morose Melancholy *Whig*, bemoaning his want of an Office, and complaining against Abuses at Court, and Mismanagements. A fifth had a Comical sort of a Fellow, that was Laughing at his Physician Doctor *Tyson*, for his great skill in *Taciturnity*; and a sixth, had a Cantabrigian Organist for his Tenant, that had left Sonnet and Madrigal for Philosophy, and had lost his *Senses* for a Fool, while he was in pursuit of *Knowledge*. How now! said I, honest Friend, what dost thou think of *Materia Prima* and the rest of the pretended *Entities*? I think

think said he that if you thought of 'em at all you would ask a more pertinent question, for I am Mad because I know nothing of the Matter, when thou art so much in Love with ignorance thou wouldst here lost thy wits if thou hadst. I expected not such a home reply from a *Bethlemite*, and without any more to do with such a Touchy Spark, left him railing against the Sin of Murthuring of Lice, and shewing his detestation against eating good Roast Mutton, as a Cruelty to the Creatures, to rake a fight of a Young Fellow quite Dumfounded with Love. Poor Lad, his Mother and two Sister that are Milliners in *Oxford*, I dare swear, will never keep him Company, for they know a Trick worth two of his, and have often Experimented that *if one won't another will*.

Here was *Bishop* the Quaker a Preaching, and an Audience of *Modest VVomen* peeping thro' their Fingers to see whether his Notes were written in *Legible Characters* or no, and there was a shopkeepers VVife a Retailing out the sight of the best in Christendome, for a Half.penny a Head to young Templers, Morefield Sharpers, and old Citizens that had taken the
Oppor-

Opportunity of their Wives being abroad, and being ready to run Mad themselves were come to divert themselves with the sight of those that were actually so.

Missing many others, whom I thought deserved a Lodging among their Brethren, I made Enquiry after them, and was told by the Keeper, they had many other Houses of the same Foundation in the City, where they were disposed of till they grew *Tamer*, and were qualified to be admitted Members of this *Soberer Society*. The Projectors who are generally Broken Citizens, were coop'd up in the *Counters* and *Ludgate*. The Beaus, and Rakes, and Common Mad Jilts, that labour under a *Furor Uterini* in *Bridewell*, and Justice Long's Powdering-Tub; and the Vertuosi were confined to *Gresham College*. Those, continued he in whose Constitutions Folly has the Ascendant over Frenzy, are permitted to Reside, and be Smoaked in Coffee-Houses; and those that by the Governours of this Hospital, are thought Utterly Incurable, are shut up with a pair of Foils, a Fiddle, and a Pipe, in the Inns of Court and Chancery; and when their Fire and Spirits are exhausted, and they begin
to

to Dote, they are removed by *Habeas Corpus* into a certain Hospital built for that purpose near *Amen-Corner*.

Walking from hence, I had leisure to ask my *Indian* his Opinion of these Amusements, who after the best manner his Genius would suffer him, harangued upon Deficiency of Sense, as the only Beneficial Quality, since the bare pretences to *Wit* was attended by such Tragical Misfortunes, as Confinement to Straw, Small Drink, and Flogging.

Hearing a Noise and some approaches of Nonsense that always bears it Company, where should we step but into *C--pp--gate Church*, and whom should I see Perch'd up in a Pulpit, but Honest *Orthodox E---* *S----*, as knowing a Divine as ever *P-----* with a Bible in his Pocket, a spreading the Word very dextrously. Hey day! cry'd I, non-juring *Man* has left off cheating People in a Coat, to put Tricks upon the World in a *Gown*! I wish, his Dutch Merchant was here to be one of his Auditors, that he might be Satisfy'd, the Reverend Dr. is no such Man as he reports him to be: He laid forth the Blessings of a Handsom Wife, most emphatically, and I expected every Minute to hear when the *C--ty K--ve* would

would have *invited* his Male Auditors home to see *his* according to ancient Custom; but he was grown more Politick since he had Father'd *Æsop* at *Tunbridge*, and was abundantly more reserv'd, since he had read over those two Laborious works, the *Whole Duty of Man Epitomis'd*, and Dr. Taylor's *holy living and Dying*, and 'twould have done a Man under Poetical Circumstances good, to think how powerfully he laid himself out, to persuade his Hearers to be Charitable to the Poor, as if he was Begging for himself, and reading his own wants to the Audience in the Life of his own *unhappy Mendicant*. Slife, thought I, we must drink together, but imagining from the drift of his discourse, the Parson was Pennyless, away went I up Red Cross-street, leaving him to come down from his *borrow'd* Pulpit, as soon as he had finish'd his *borrow'd* Harangue, to make the best of his way to his Eloquent and Reverend Brother, and deliver the *Gown* he *borrow'd* of him, on such an Emergent occasion as shewing his Parts.

Now I that am always more scared at the sight of a *Sergeant* or *Bayliff*, than at the Devil and all his Works, was Mortally frighted in my Passage through *Barbican* and *Long-Lane*, by the

the Impudent *Ragfellers*, in those Scandalous Climates, who laid hold of my Arm to ask me, *What I lack'd?* At first it made me tremble worse than a Quaker in a Fit of *Enthusiasm*, imagining it had been an Arrest, and was just asking the Customary question, *at whose Suit*, but their Rudeness continuing at every Door, relieved me from those Pannick Fears; and the next that attack'd my Arm with *What ye buy, Sir, What ye lack?* I threw him from my Sleeve into the Kennel, saying, Tho' I want nothing out of your Shops, methinks you all want good Manners and Civility, that are ready to tear a New Sute from my back, under pretence of felling me an Old one: Avant Vermine, your Cloaths smell as rankly of *Newgate* and *Tyburn*, as the Bedding to be sold at the *Ditchside* near *Fleet Bridge*, smells of a Bawdy-House and Brandy.

Smithfield would have afforded us a great variety of Objects, but it being neither *Bartholemew-Fair* time, nor any of the chief Market-Days, I passed thro' the Quarters of the Jockeys, and Graziers, and taking the Clanculor Roads, that were most agreeable to my Circumstances, I went thro' *Baldwins-Gardens*, and whom should I see standing at the
Door

Door of the Hole in the Wall, but an old acquaintance of mine an Honest *Dear Joy* that had taken the House; and as the Gentlemen of that Country, are Famous for being Men of particular Ceremony, so the first word that came from him, was, *Master, I am your very Humble Servant*; and the next, *Hey, you Bastard You*, on account of my putting a Civil question, in relation to two young Ladys looking thro' their Fingers at him.

He was immediately for *Presenting me with a Tankard*; and down my Fellow Traveller and I sat our selves, when I found my Neighbour K---, had been new Christened since I saw him last, and was made a Commission Officer by the Name of Captain *Whipp'em*. I made no enquiry after the *Etymology* of his new Title, but Judg'd he had been *Whipping* it in with the Gentlewoman before mention'd, tho' 'twas not convenient to tell him so, least his Wife should watch his waters more narrowly than she had done, which might have been no small Grief to the two Virtuous Ladies, and a great disappointment to a Man of his known Modesty.

I'll say that for the Man, his Liquor was the best of the sort that ever I drank,

drank, had his Company been answerable to it, but there was such a Jargon of contradictions among 'em, such a difference of Trades, and Opinions, and such an unintelligible Captain among 'em, that my poor *Indian* and I were in a perfect Wilderness. *To pay there*, said I, and so left the witty Dogs by themselves, and a Bookbinder talking about the Adventures of *him and two or three more Gentlemen*; to make the best of my way thro' *Grey's Inn*, where I met with nothing Material.

This was all we entertain'd our selves with, before we came to the *Play-House*.

Amusement IV.

The Play-House.

THE *Play-House* is an Inchantèd Island, where nothing appears in Reality what it is, nor what it should be. 'Tis frequented by Persons of all Degrees and Qualities whatsoever, that have a great deal of Idle Time lying upon their Hands, and can't tell how to employ it worse. Here *Lords* come to Laugh, and to be Laugh'd at for being there, and seeing their Qualities ridicul'd by every Triobolary Poet. Knights come hither to learn the Amorous Smirk, the *Ala mode* Grin, the Antick Bow, the Newest Fashion'd Cringe, and how to adjust their Phiz, to make themselves as Ridiculous by Art, as they are by Nature.

Hither

Hither come the Country Gentlemen to shew their Shapes, and trouble the Pit with their Impertinence about Hawking, Hunting, and their Handsome Wives, and their Housewifery.

There sits a *Beau* like a Fool in a Frame, that dares not stir his Head, nor move his Body, for fear of incommoding his Wig, ruffling his Cravat, or putting his Eyes, or Mouth out of the Order his *Maitre de Dance* had set it in, whilst a *Bully Beau* comes Drunk into the Pit, Screaming out, *Dam me, Jack, 'tis a Confounded Play, let's to a Whore and spend our time better.*

Here the Ladies come to shew their Cloaths, which are often the only things to be admir'd in or about 'em. Some of them having Scab'd, or Pimpled Faces, wear a Thousand Patches to hide them, and those that have none scandalize their Faces by a Foolish imitation. Here they shew their Courage by being unconcerned at a *Husband* being *Poison'd*, a *Hero* being *Kill'd*, or a *Passionate Lover* being *Jilted*: And discover their Modesties by standing Buff at a Baudy Song, or a Naked Obscene Figure. By the Signs that both Sexes hang out, you

F

may

may know their Qualities or Occupations, and not mistake in making your Addresses.

Men of *Figure* and Consideration. are known by seldom being there, and Men of *Wisdom* and Business, by being always absent. The L--- D--- is known by his Ribbon, and T--- D--- or some other Impertinent Poet, talking Nonsense to him, the L--- H--- by sitting on the *Kitcat* side, and *Jacob T---* standing Door-Keeper for him, the rest of the Witty No---ity have their several distinguishing Characteristicks, and those that are not, are the easiest things to be *understood* in the Universe: As for instance, that *Toaster* there, is it Possible he can give a Judgment of the Beauties of a Play, while he is wholly taken up in Surveying those of the Ladies, or that incorrigible Fop know any thing of the Matter, that is taking such pains not to know himself, as to be carry'd away with the thoughts that all Eyes were fix'd upon him on account of his amazing Perfections, when the quite contrary cause diverts the Audience from what they came to take a View of.

Would you think that little *Lap-dog* in *Scarlet* there, has Stomach enough to digest a Guinea's worth of Entertainment

tainment at *Pontack's* every Dinner time, or that Odoriferous *Time-server* there had nothing he so much laid to Heart, as the Disappointment of not having his Whore brought to him at the Fountain Tavern, after the Curtain is let down again.

Hey-day's, what have we here? A Dutcheß, and a Dutchman together, *Peper* and *Vinegar* on my Conscience, only 'tis a difficult time of the Year, and People that lye so close together, are warm enough without any such matters to heat 'em.

But that *Poet* there, that shews his Assiduity by following yonder Actress, is the most entertaining sort of an Animal imaginable. But 'tis *the way of the World*, to have an Esteem for the fair Sex, and She looks to a Miracle when She is acting a Part in one of his own Plays. Would not any one think it pitty She should not have an Humble Servant, when that Mrs. *Abigail* there, who is one of her Attendants can be brought to Bed of a Living Child without any manner of notice taken of her. Look upon him once more I say, if She goes to her *Shift*, 'tis Ten to One but he follows her, not that I would say for never so much to take up her *Smock*; he Dines with

her almost ev'ry day, yet She's a *Maid*, he rides out with her, and visits her in Publick and Private, yet She's a *Maid*; if I had not a particular respect for her, I should go near to say he lies with her, yet She's a *Maid*. Now I leave the World to Judge whether it be His or Her Fault that She has so long kept her *Maidenhead*, since Gentlemen of his Profession have generally a greater Respect for the Lady's than that comes to.

Now for that Majestical *Man* and *Woman* there, stand off, there is no coming within a Hundred Yards of their High Mightinesses, they have revolted like the *Dutch* from their once Lords and Masters and are now set up for Sovereigns themselves. See what a deference is paid 'em by the rest of the Cringing Fraternity from Fifty down to ten Shillings a VWeek; and you must needs have a more than Ordinary Opinion of their Abilities: Should you lay with her all Night, She would not know you next Morning, unless you had another five Pound at her Service; or go to desire a piece of Courtesy of him, you must attend longer than at a Secretary's of State. His Gravity will not permit him to give you Audience till the Stateliness of his Countenance

nance is rightly adjusted, and all his high swelling Words are got in readiness, nor will her Celebrated Modesty suffer her, almost to speak to an Humble Servant without a Piece or two to rub her Eyes with, and to conceal her Blushes, while She *Sluggishly* goes through a Vacation She might take more *Pains* in, did she not Grudge a *Pennyworth* for a *Penny*.

There are two sets of these Histri-
onical Entertainers, and I should be too partial should I not divide my thoughts equally between 'em, both are call'd His *Majesty's Servants*, yet neither have done any *Service* to their King or Country; if we may take Mr. *Collier's* word, or the Affidavits of a multitude of decay'd *Beaux* who have been undone and afterwards laught at by 'em.

Do but take notice of that Scornful Piece of Flesh there, does not She Tread the Stage as Haughtily as if She knew no such thing as Condescension to the desires of any Man Breathing; yet She was soundly beaten by a Spark of hers, sometime since, for opening her Legs so freely to some other Humble Servant.

I would not for the Wealth of the *Indies* divulge any harm to her, but a

Person might say without the help of a Prophetick *Cassandra*, that it will not be for want of shewing her endeavours for the Publick Good, That she does not bring his Majesty a New Subject into the World this Year, as she did the last; and I dare swear that her Ingenious Freind Mr. S---, tho his Modesty will not permit him to be the Father of it, will be ready at all times and seasons to fetch out the Velvet Petticoat, that may occasionally be in Trouble, on account of the decency of her next Lying-in.

From this Lady that is always Quarrellsom with the Prompter, and who has enough of that Grand Issue in the middle of her without any other disturbances of that Nature about her; it falls out of Course, that we pay our Respects to that Bewitching Creature, that has entangled a very great Man into her Noose; and from so mean a Beginning as Pippins, small Nuts and Gingerbread, has the Honour to have a Nobleman wear her Chains. The Virtuous Gentlewoman before mention'd, was linealy descended from a Retailer of Rumps and Kidneys, and had greater Pretentions from her Birth, to the smiles of Fortune, than her Hippocritical Ladyship, that owes her be-
ing

ing to a *Mother*, who poor *Woman*, would not be forc'd to go a *Beging*, were she as young a bit of *Flesh* as Her *Daughter*, had she as much natural *Affection* for a *Parent* as she has for a *Gallant*.

Away with her, cry'd out the *Indian*, if she's unnatural she's no *Mistress* for me, but its a *Custom*, I perceive, amongst you *Europeans*, to forget *Father* and *Mother*, and cleave to your own *Interest*. Your *People* of the highest *Rank* practise it daily, and would you think this *Woman* that mimicks 'em in their *Cloaths* and *Fashions*, would behave her self so vulgarly, as not to intimate 'em. As my *Companion* had nothing but *Truth* in his *Observations*, so I could not contradict his *Opinion* of us, but turn'd my *Eye* upon the *Boxes*, to let him know there were some of the *Fair Sex* in that bright *Circle*, that were *Exceptions* to his *General Rule*.

Let us not lose no more time about her, said I, you have seen all she has, but the *Furniture* of her *Chamber*, and that she may thank the *D---* for, as for her clean *Gloves* and *Finery* here, they are owing to the old good-natured *Mr. R---*, who from his drousy *Constitution* in the *Day-time*, makes

it appear that some one or other has disturb'd his rest in the Night. That Beau there is known by the Decent Management of his Sword-Knot, and Snuff-Box. A *Poet* by his Empty Pockets: A Citizen by his Horns and Gold Hatband: A Whore by a *Vizor-Mask* and multitude of Ribbons about her Breasts: And a Fool by Talking to her. A Play-House *Wit* is distinguish'd by wanting Understanding; and a *Judge* of Wit by Nodding and Sleeping, till the falling of the Curtain, and Crowding to get out awake him.

I have told you already, that the Play-House was the Land of Enchantment, the Country of Metamorphosis, and performed it with the greatest speed imaginable. Here in the Twinkling of an Eye, you shall see Men transform'd into Demi-Gods; And Goddesses made as true Flesh and Blood, as our Common Women. Here *Fools* by Slight of Hand, are converted into *Wits*. Honest Women into Errant Whores, and which is most miraculous, Cowards into Valiant *Hero's*, and Rank *Cocquets* and *Jilts* into as Chast and Vertuous *Mistresses*, as a Man would desire to put his Knife into.

Let us now speak a Word or two, of the Natives of this Country, and the Stock

Stock of *Wit* and *Manners* by which they Maintain themselves, and Ridicule the whole World besides. The People are all somewhat *Whimsical*, and Giddy-Brain'd: VVhen they Speak, they Sing, when they Walk, they Dance, and very often do both when they have no mind to it.

The *Stage* has now so great a share of Atheism, Impudence and Profaneness, that it looks like an Assembly of *Demons*, directing the Way *Hellward*; and the more Blasphemous the Poets are, the more are they admired, even from Huffing *Dryden*, to Sing-Song *Durfey*, who always Stutters at Sence, and speaks plain when he swears *G--Dam me*. What are all their new Plays but Damn'd Insipid Dull *Farces*, confounded Toothless *Satyr*. or Plaguy *Rhiming* Plays, with Scurvy Heroes, worse than the Knight of the Sun, or *Amadis de Gaul*. They are the errantest *Plagiaries* in Nature, and like our Common ~~News-writers~~, steal from one another.

When any Humour Takes in *London*, they Ride it to Death before they leave it. The Primitive *Christians* were not Persecuted with half that Variety, as the poor Unthinking *Beaux* are tormented with upon the Theatre. •

Cha-

Character they supply with a *Smutty* Song, Humour with a *Dance*, and Argument with *Lightning* and *Thunder*, which has often reprieved many a Scurvy Play from Damning.

A Huge great *Muff*, and a *Gaudy Ribbon* hanging at a Bully's Backside, is an Excellent Jest; and New Invented Curses, as *Stap my Vitals*, *Damn my Diaphragm*, *Slit my Wind-Pipe*, *Sink me ten Thousand Fathoon deep*; Rig up a *New Beau*, tho' in the Main 'tis but the same everlasting *Coxcomb*; and there's as much difference between their Rhimes, and Solid Verse, as between the Royal Psalmist, and *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, with their Collars of *Ay's* and *Eeke's* about them.

Wherefore let us take a Voyage into the Land of Wit, since there is so little stirring now a day's in the Playhouse, and make an inspection into the Growth of that Commodity elsewhere.

Amusement V.

Westminster-Hall.

A Magnificent Building, which is Open to all the World, and yet in a Manner is shut up, by the Prodigious Concourse of People, who Crowd and Sweat to get in or out, and happy are they that don't leave their Lives, Estates, nor Consciences behind them.

Here we entred into a great *Hall*, where my *Indian* was surprized to see, in the same Place, Men on the one side with Bawbles and Toys, and on the other taken up with the Fear of Judgment, on which depends their inevitable Destiny.

In this Shop are to be sold Ribbons and Gloves, Towers and Commodes, by Word of Mouth: In another Shop Lands and Tenements are disposed of by Decree.

On

On your Left Hand you hear a nimble Tongu'd Painted *Semptress*, with her Charming Treble, Invite you to buy some of her Knick-Knacks: And on your Right, a Deep-mouth'd Cryer commanding Impossibilities, *viz.* Silence to be kept among Women and Lawyers. What a Fantastical Jargon does this Heap of Contrarieties amount to?

While our Traveller is making his Observations upon this Motly Scene, he's frighted at the Terrible Approaches of a Multitude of Men in Black Gowns, and Round Caps, that make between them a most Hideous and Dreadful Monster, call'd *Pettyfogging*, of which there is such store in *England*, that the People think themselves obliged to pray for the *Egyptian* Locusts, and Catterpillars, in exchange for this kind of Vermin. And this Monster bellows out so pernicious a Language, that one Word alone is sufficient to ruine whole Families.

Here's Honest, Good-natur'd, Modest Mr. S-----, that has done by the Council on the Opposite side, as the *King of France did by the Confederates*, and there a worshipful R----- a drawing up Indictments with no less than twenty Flaws at a time in 'em: That Breach directs

directs you to a Judge, his Favourite
a fingering the Pence, as if he deserv'd
it from his great knowledge in the
Law, rather than his Interest; and that
Court of Justice there up in the Corner,
points Men of some Characters out to
you, that are for holding out their
Hands to Plaintiff and Defendant.

At certain Hours appointed, there
appears Grave and Dauntless Men,
whose very Sight is enough to give
one a Quartan-Ague, and who lays
this Monster on his Back.

Scarce a Day passes over their Heads,
but they rescue out of his greedy
Jaws some Thousand of Acres half
devoured.

This Cursed Petty-Fogging is much
more to be feared than Injustice it self.
The latter openly undoes us, and af-
fords us at least this comfort, That
we have a Right to bewail our selves;
but the former by its Dilatory Forma-
lities, rob us of all we have, and tells
us for our Eternal Despair, that we
suffer by Law.

Justice, if I may so express my self,
is a Beautiful Young Virgin Disguis'd,
brought on the Stage by the *Plea-*
der, Pursued by the *Attorney*, Cajol'd
by the *Counsellor*, and Defended by the
Judge.

Some

Some Pert Critick will tell me now that I have lost my way in Digressions. Under favour, this Critick is in the wrong Box, for Digressions properly belong to my Subject, since they are all nothing but Amusements; and this is a Truth so uncontested, that I am resolv'd to continue them.

By way of Digression, I must here inform you, that in all those Places of my Voyage, where the *Indian* perplexes me with his Questions, I will drop him, as I have already done, to pursue my own Reflexions: Upon this Condition however, that I may be allowed to take him up again, when I am weary of Travelling alone. I will likewise make bold to quit the Metaphor of my Voyage, whenever the Fancy takes me; for I am so far from confining my self like a Slave to one particular Figure, that I will keep the Power still in my Hands, to change if I think fit at every Period, my Figure, Subject, and Stile, that I may be less tiresome to the Modern Reader; for I know well enough, that Variety is the Predominant Taste of the present Age.

Altho' nothing is durable in this Transitory World, yet 'tis observ'd that this Saying proves false in *Westminster-Hall*, where there are things
of

of eternal continuance, as Thousands have found true by Woful Experience, I mean *Chancery* Suits. Certain Sons of Parchment, call'd Solicitors and Barristers, make it their whole Business to keep the Shuttle-Cock in motion, and when one Hand is weary of it, they Play it into another. 'Tis the chiefest part of their Religion to keep up and animate the Differences among their Clients, as it was with the Vestal Virgins in the days of *Tore*, to maintain the Sacred Fire.

'Tis a most surprizing thing that notwithstanding all the Clamour, Squalling, and Bawling there is in the Courts, yet you shall have a Judge now and then take as Comfortable a Nap upon the Bench, as if he was at Church; and every Honest *Christian* has reason to pray, that as often as a Cause comes to be heard, the J---s of Antient Times were Awake, and the Modern Fast Asleep.

However this must be said for them, that they are Righteous enough in their Hearts; but the Devil on't is, that they can't tell which way to take to instruct themselves in the Merits of the Cause. The Contending Parties are suspected by them, the Solicitor embroils them, the Councillor Deaf-
ens

ens them, the Attorney Importunés them, and (is it not a sad thing ?) the Shee-Sollicitor Distracts them. Well ! Let what will happen on't, give me for my Money the Female Sollicitor.

A certain Judge in the Days of *Tore*, made his Boasts one Day, that the most Charming Woman in the World, was not able to make him forget that he was a Judge. Very likely, Sir, said a Gentleman to him ; but I'll lay Twenty to One on Nature's side. The Magistrate was a *Man* before he was a *Judge*. The first Motion he finds is for the Shee Solicitor, and the Second is for *Justice*.

A very Beautiful *Countess* went to a Morose Surly Judge's Chamber, to prepossess him in Favour of a very Unrighteous Cause, and to Sollicite for a *Colonel*, against a Tradesman that Sued him.

This Tradesman happened that very Moment to be in his Lordship's Closet, who found his Cause to be so Just, and Clear, that he could not forbear to promise him to take care he should carry the Day.

The Words were no sooner out of his Mouth, but our Charming *Countess* appear'd in the Anti-Chamber. The
Judge

Judge immediately run as fast as his Gouty Legs would give him Leave to meet her Ladyship. Her *Eyes*, her *Air*, her *Graceful* Deportment, the Sound of her *Voice*, so many Charms in short, pleaded so powerfully in her Favour, that at the first Moment he found the *Man* too Powerful for the *Judge*, and he promised our *Countess*, that the *Collonel* should gain his Cause. Thus you see the Poor *Judge* engaged on both sides. When he came back to his Closet, he found the *Tradesman* reduc'd to the last Despair. I saw her, cries the Fellow as it were out of his Wits. I saw the *Lady* that solicits against me, and Lord what a Charming Creature she is? I am undone my Lord, my Cause is lost and ruin'd! Why, says the *Judge*, not yet recovered from his Confusion, imagine yourself in my Place, and tell me if 'tis possible for frail Men to refuse any thing that so Beautiful a Lady asks? As he spoke these Words, he pull'd a *Hundred Pistols* out of his Pocket, which amounted to the Sum the *Tradesman* sued for, and gave them to him. By some means or other the *Countess* came to the knowledge of it; and as she was Vertuous even to a Scruple, she was afraid of being too much obliged

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by

by so Generous a Judge; and immediately sent him a Hundred Pistoles. The *Colonel* full as Gallant as the *Countess* was Scrupulous, paid her the Sum aforesaid; and thus every one did as he ought to do. The Judge was afraid of being *Unjust*, the Countess feared to be too much obliged, the Colonel paid, and the Tradesman was satisfied: Or according to our old *English* Adage, all was well; *Jack*, had *Joan*, and the Man had his Mare again.

Shall I give you my Opinion of this Judge's Behaviour. The First Motion he found in himself, was for the Charming *Sollicitrix*, which I cannot Excuse him for; and the Second was for *Justice*, for which I Admire him.

While I thus amus'd my self, my Traveller is lost in the Fog of Black-Gowns; let us go and find him. Oh yonder he is at the farther end of the *Hall*, I call to him, he strives to come to me, but his Breath fails him, the Crowd overpresses him, he's carried down the Stream, he Swims upon his Elbows to get to Shoar.

At last half Spent, and dripping from every Pore in his Body, he comes up to me, and all the Relation I could get from him of what he had seen,
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Mothers have often told themselves in
imagination that the most "Experienced"
ings in the little wildernesses are to
Way, and the Windings and Turn-
one another as Guides to lose their
both sexes meet and mutually love
Close Walks of Spring-Gardens where
to be Private, take Delight in the
The Ladies that have an inclination

Amuse-

to me, and all the relation I could
have then derived as well as coming up
and being told that their M. J. Jones

Amusement VI.

The WALKS.

WE have divers sorts of Walks about *London*, in some you go to see and be seen, in others neither to see nor be seen, but like a Noun Substantive to be Felt, Heard, and Understood.

The Ladies that have an Inclination to be Private, take Delight in the Close Walks of *Spring-Gardens*, where both Sexes meet, and mutually serve one another as Guides to lose their Way, and the Windings and Turnings in the little Wilderesses, are so intricate, that the most Experienc'd Mothers, have often lost themselves in looking for their Daughters.

From *Spring-Garden* we set our Faces towards *Hide-Park*, where Horses have their Diversion as well as Men, and Neigh and Court their Mistresses
almost

almost in as intelligible a Dialect. Here People Coach it to take the Air, amidst a Cloud of *Dust*, able to Choak a Foot Soldier, and hinder'd us from seeing those that come thither on purpose to shew themselves: However we made hard shift to get now and then a Glance at some of them.

Here we saw much to do about nothing; a World of Brave Men, Gilt-Coaches, and rich Liveries. Within some of them were Upstart Courtiers, blown up as big as Pride and Vanity could swell them to; sitting as Upright in their Chariots, as if a Stake had been driven through them. It would hurt their Eyes to exchange a Glance upon any thing that's Vulgar, and that's the Reason they are so sparing of their Looks, that they will neither Bow nor move their Hats to any thing under a Duke or a Dutches; and yet if you examine some of their Originals; a Covetous, Soul-less Miser, or a great Oppressor, laid the Foundation of their Families, and in their Retinue there are more Creditors than Servants.

See, says my *Indian*, what a Bevy of Gallant Ladies are in yonder Coaches; some are Singing, others Laughing, others Tickling one another, and

all of them Toying and devouring Sweetmeats, March-Pane, and China Oranges. See that Lady says he, was ever any thing so black as her Eye, and so clear as her Forehead? One would Swear her Face had taken its Tincture from all the Beauties in Nature; and yet perhaps, answered I to my Fellow Traveller, all this is but Imposture; she might, for ought we know, go to Bed last Night as ugly as a *Hagg*, tho' she now appears like an Angel: And if you did but see this Puppet taken to pieces, her whole is but Paint and Plaster. From hence we went to take a Turn in the *Mall*.

When we came into these Pleasant Walks, my Fellow Traveller was Ravish'd at the most agreeable Sight in Nature. There were none but Women there that Day as it happened, and the Walks were covered with them.

I never, said he to me Laughing, beheld in my Life so great a Flight of Birds. Bless me, how fine and Pretty they are.

Friend, reply'd I to him in the same Metaphor, these are Birds to Amuse one, that change their Feathers two or three times a Day.

They

They are Fickle and Light by inclination, Weak by Constitution, but never weary of Billing and Chirping.

They never see the Day till the Sun is just going to Set, Hop always upright with one Foot upon the Ground, and touch the Clouds with their proud Toppings. In a word, the generality of Women are Peacocks when they Walk; VVater-VVagtails when they are within Doors, and Turtles when they meet Face to Face.

This is a bold Description of them, says my *Indian*. Pray tell me, Sir, says he, is this Portrait of them after Nature? Yes, without Question, answer'd I, but I know some Women that are Superior to the rest of their Sex, and perhaps to Men also. In relation to those, I need not say much to distinguish them from the rest, for they'll soon distinguish themselves by their Vertuous Discourse and Deportment.

Nothing is so hard to be Defined as VVomen, and of all VVomen in the World none are so undefinable as those of *London*.

The *Spanish* Women are altogether *Spanish*, the *Italians* altogether *Italians*, the *Germans* altogether *Germans*, the *French Women* always like themselves; but among the *London Women*

we find *Spaniards, Italians, Germans,* and *French*, blended together into one individual Monopoly of all Humours and Fashions.

Nay, how many different Nations are there of our *English* Ladies. In the first place there is the *Politick* Nation of your Ladies of the Town. Next the *Savage* Nation of Country Dames. Then the *Free* Nation of the Coquets. The *Invisible* Nation of the Faithful VVives, (the worst Peopled of all.) The *Good-Natur'd* Nation of VVives that Cuckold their Husbands, (they are almost forced to Walk upon one anothers Heads, their Numbers are so prodigious.) The *Warlike* Nation of Intriguing Ladies. The *Fearfull* Nation of -----, but there are scarce any of them left. The *Barbarous* Nation of Mothers-in-Law. The *Haughty* Nation of Citizens VVives, that are Dignified with a Title. The *Strowling* Nation of your regular Visitants, and the Lord knows how many more: Not to reckon the *Superstitious* Nation that run after Conjurers and Fortune-Tellers. 'Tis pittty this latter sort are not lock'd up in a Quarter by themselves, and that the Nation of *Cunning* Women are not rooted out that abuse them, and set them up-
on

on doing some things which otherwise they would not.

I have suffer'd my self to be carried too far by my Subject: 'Tis a strange thing that we cannot talk of Women with a Just Moderation: We either talk too much, or too little of them: We don't speak enough of *Vertuous* Women, and we speak too much, of those that are not so.

Men would do Justice to 'em all, if they could talk of them without Passion; but they scarce speak at all of those that are Indifferent: They are prepossessed for them they Love, and against them by whom they cannot make themselves to be Beloved.

They rank the latter in the Class of *Irregular* Women, because they are Wise, and indeed Wiser than they would have them be. The Railling of the Men ought to be the Justification of the Women; but it unluckily falls out, that one half of the World take delight to raise Scandalous Stories, and t'other half in believing them.

Slander has been the Product of all Times, and all Countries; it is very near of as Ancient standing in the World, as Vertue. Defamation ought to be more severely punish'd than Theft. It does more Injury to Civil Societies,
and

and 'tis a harder matter to secure one's Reputation from a Slanderer, than one's Money from a Robber.

All the World are agreed, that both one and the other are Scoundrels, yet for all that we esteem 'em when they excel in this Art. A Nice and a Witty Railer is the most agreeable Person in Conversation; and he that Dextrously picks another Man's Pocket, as your Quacks and Attornies, draws the Veneration even of those who live by Cutting of Purfes.

When one observes in what Reputation both of them live, one would be apt to say. That 'tis neither Defamation, nor Robbery, that we blame in others; but only their *Awkardness* and want of Skill. They are punish'd for not being able to arrive at the Perfection of their Art.

Come, come, says my *Indian*, you ramble from your Subject; you speak of Back-Biting in General, whereas at present we are only talking of that Branch of it which belongs to Women. I would bring you back to that Point, which puts me in the mind of certain Laws, which was heretofore proposed by a Legislator of my Country. One of these Laws gave permission for one Woman to Slander another; in the
first

first place, because it is *impossible* to prevent it; and besides, because in Matters of Gallantry, she that accuses her Neighbour, might her self be accused of it in her turn, pursuant to the Antient and Righteous Law of returning a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*.

But how would you have a *W*oman quit Scores with a Man, who has publish'd disadvantageous Stories of her? Must she serve him in the same kind? By all means; For if Men think it a piece of Merit to Conquer *W*omen, and *W*omen place theirs in well defending themselves, she that gets a Lover sings a Triumph; and she that Loves, confesses her self to be Conquered.

If it were true, that the Ladies were more Weak than we are, their Fall would be more excusable; but I think we are Weaker than our *W*ives, since we expect they should pardon us in every thing, and we will pardon nothing in them. One would think that when a Man had got a *W*oman into a Matrimonial Noose, 'twas enough for her to be wholly his: And by the same Reason should not the Man be wholly hers? *W*hat a Tyranny is this in the Men, to monopolize Infidelity to themselves?

But

But if Men will be slandering Women, let them vent their Fury against those only that are ugly, for that is neither Slandering nor Calumniating, tho' it be a Crime the Ladies will never forgive; for the Generality of them are more Jealous of the Reputation of their Beauties, than of their Honours, and she that wants a whole Morning at least to bring her Face to perfection, would be more concern'd to be surpriz'd at her *Toilet*, than to be taken in the Arms of a Gallant.

I am not at all surprized at this Notion, for the chief Vertue in the Ladies Catechism is to please; and Beauty pleases Men more effectually than Wisdom. One Man loves Sweetness and Modesty in a Woman; another loves a Jolly Damsel with Life and Vigour; but Agreeableness, and Beauty Relishes with all Humane Palates.

A Young Woman who has no other Portion than her hopes of Pleasing, is at a loss what Measures to take that she may make her Fortune. Is she Simple we despise her: Is she Vertuous we don't like her Company. Is she a Coquet, we avoid her: Therefore to succeed well in the VWorld, 'tis necessary that she be Vertuous, Simple,

ple, and a Coquet all at once. Simplicity Invites us, Coquetry Amuses, and Vertue Retains us.

'Tis a hard matter for a VVoman to escape the Censures of the Men. 'Tis much more so to guard themselves from the Womens Tongues. A Lady that sets up for Vertue, makes her self envied; she that pretends to Gallantry, makes her self despised; but she that pretends to nothing, escapes Contempt and Envy, and saves her self between two Reputations.

This Managment surpasses the Capacity of a Young VVoman: Those that are Young and Handsom, are exposed to two Temptations: To preserve themselves from them they want the Assistance of Reason; and 'tis their Misfortune that Reason comes not in to their Relief, till their Youth and Beauty, and the Danger is gone together. Tell us why should not Reason come as soon as Beauty, since one was made to defend the other?

It does not depend upon a VVoman to be Handsom; the only Beauty that all of them might have, and some of them, to speak Modestly, think fit to part with, is *Chastity*; but of all Beauties

Beauties whatsoever, 'tis the easiest to lose.

She that never was yet in Love, is so ashamed of her first Weakness, that she would by all means conceal it from her self: As for the second, she desires to conceal it from others; but she does not think it worth the while to conceal the third from any Body.

When *Chastity*, is once gone, 'tis no more to be retriev'd than Youth.

Those that have lost their Chastities, assumes an affected one, which is much sooner provoked than that which is real: Of which we had an Experiment in the Close Walk at the Head of *Rosmonds Pond*, where for one poor Equivocal Word, a Brisk She was ready to tear a Gentleman's Cravat off; who after a further Parley, discover'd her self to be sensible of some things which she ought to have been ignorant of, to have maintained her affected Modesty.

A Lady of this Character was sitting on the side of this *Pond* upon the *Grass*, with her Younger Sister newly come out of the Country, to whom a Spark sitting by, entertain'd her with a Relation of an Amorous-Adventure between my Lord ---- and my Lady *Love* it; but expressing himself in
such

such Obscene Ambiguous Terms, that a Woman that did not know *What* was *What*, could as soon fly with a Hundred Weight of Lead at her Heels, as tell what to make of it: The more obscurely the Gentleman told his Story, the more attentively did our young Creature listen to it, and discover'd her Curiosity by some simple harmless Questions. The Elder of the two Sisters desirous to let the Gentleman, and others that sat by them, understand that she had more Modesty than her Younger Sister, cryed out, Oh fie, Sister, fie; can you hear such a wicked Story as this without Blushing?

Alas, Sister, says the Young Innocency, I don't yet know what it is to Blush, or what it is you mean by it!

The Gentleman soon took the Hint, and whispering the Elder Sister in the Ear, she immediately sends Home the Young Ignorant Creature by her Footman, and Trig'd away Hand in Hand with the Gentleman. Her cunning Management, shew'd her an Experienced Coquet, who observ'd a sort of *Decorum*, to usher in a greater Liberty.

Every thing is managed in good Order, by a Woman that knows her Company,

Company, and understands her Business. He that loses his Money out of Complaisance, yields place to him who lends the Lady his Coach to take the Air in. The Young *Heir* begins where the Ruined *Cully* ended. He that pays for the Collation, is succeeded by another that Eats it; and when my *Lord* comes in at the Gate, poor Sir *John* must Scamper out at the Window.

The Green Walk afforded us variety of Discourses from Persons of both Sexes. Here walk'd a Beau *Bare-headed* by a Company of the Common Profession in *Dishabilie*; and Night-Dresses; either for want of Day Cloths, or to shew they were ready for Business.

Here walk'd a *French* Fop with both his Hands in his Pockets, carrying all his Pleated Coat before to shew his Silk-Breeches,

There were a Cluster of Senators talking of State Affairs, and the Price of Corn, and Cattle, and were disturb'd with the Noisy *Milk Folks*, crying, *A Can of Milk, Ladies; a Can of Red Cows Milk, Sir.*

Here were a Beavy of Bucksom Lasses complaining of the Decay of Trade, and Monopolies; and there
Vertu-

Vertuous VVomen, Railing against VVhores, their Husbands, and Coquettry.

And now being weary of Walking so long, we reposed our selves upon one of the Benches, and digesting several Dialogues between the Modest Ladies and Coquets, made this Observation.

That tho' the Coquets were despised by the generality of *Ladies*, yet they imitate them to a Hairs Breadth in their whole Conduct. They learn of them the *Winning Air*, the *Bewitching Glance*, the *Amorous Smirk*, and the *Sullen Pout*. They *Talk*, and *Dress*, and *Patch* like them: They must needs go down with the Stream. It is the Coquets that Invent the New Modes and Expressions; every thing is done for them, and by them; tho' with all these Advantages, there is a vast difference between the one and the other. The Reputation of Vertuous Women is more solid; that of Coquets is more extended. But

I am sensible I have made too long a stay in this part of my Voyage. A Man always Amuses himself longer with the *Women*, than he is willing. Well since we are here, let's shew our

H

Indian

Indian the Horse-Guards, the Country of Gallantry.

In our Way thither, was nothing worth our Observation, unless 'twas the Bird-Cage, inhabited by Wild-Fowl; the Ducks begging Charity, the Black-Guard Boys robbing their own Bellies to relieve them, and an *English Dog-Kennel* Translated into a *French Eating-House*.

GALLANTRY.

LET'S enter into this Brave Country, and see ----- . But what is there to be seen here? Gallantry and Bravery which was formerly so well Cultivated, so Flourishing and Frequented by many Persons of Honour, is at present Desolate, Unmanur'd, and Abandoned! What a Desert 'tis become! Alas I can see nothing in it but a Disbanded Soldier mounted upon a Pedestal, standing Centinel over the Ducks and VVild-Geese, and to prevent an Invasion by O-----'s *Spanish Pilgrims*, or *Webster's Darcinus*.

VVhy

VVhy, says my *Indian*, is that a Soldier? He has ne'er a Sword, and is Naked.

I suppose, reply'd I to the *Indian*, since the Peace he has Pawn'd his Sword to buy him Food; and for his being Naked, who regards it? VVhat signifies a *Soldier* in Time of Peace? Pish! A Soldier Naked, is that such a Wonder? What are they good for else but Hanging, or Starving, when we have no occasion for them; as has been learnedly determined by the Author of that Original Amusement, *Arguments against a Standing Army*.

Our God, and Soldier, we alike A-
dore,

Just at the Brink of Danger, not be-
fore ;

After Deliverance, they're alike re-
quited,

Our God's Forgotten, and our Soldi-
er's Slighted.

Come, this is a Melancholy Coun-
try, let's leave Amusing our selves a-
bout Gallantry and Bravery, and all at
once, like Men that have nothing to
Do, nor nothing to Have, take a Trip
into the Land of Marriage, and see
VVho and VVho are together, But

first, What are those Soldiers doing?
They look like Brave Fellows.

They are, (says I) drawn up to
Prayers; and would be brave Men
indeed, if they were half as good at
Praying, and Fighting, as they are at
Curfing and Swearing,

Amuse

Amusement VII.

MARRIAGE.

TIS a difficult Task to speak so of Marriage, as to please all People. Those who are not Noos'd in the Snare, will thank me for giving a Comical Description of it. The Grand Pox eat this Buffoon, says the Serious Wary Husband; if he was in my Place, he would have no more Temptation to *Laugh*, than to Break his Neck. If I Moralize gravely upon the Inconveniences of Mattrimony, those that have a Longing to enter into that Honourable State, will complain that I dissuade them from so charming a Condition. How then shall I order my Discourse? For I am in great Perplexity about it.

A certain Painter made a Picture of *Hymen* for a young Lover. I wou'd have him drawn, says this Passionate

Gentleman, with all the Graces your utmost Skill can bestow upon him: Above all, remember that *Hymen* ought to be more Beautiful than *Adonis*: You must put into his Hands a Flambeau more Brilliant than that of *Love*. In short, give him all the Charms that your Imagination and Colours can bestow. I will pay you for your Picture, according as I find you use my Friend *Hymen*. The Painter who was well acquainted with his Generous Temper, was not wanting, you may be sure, to answer his Expectations, and brought him Home the Piece the Evening before he was Married. Our young Lover was not at all satisfied with it. This Figure, says he, wants a certain *Gay Air*, it has none of those *Charms* and *Agreements*. As you have Painted him, he makes but a very indifferent Appearance, and therefore you shall but be indifferently paid.

The Painter who had as much Presence of Mind, as Skill in his Profession, took a Resolution what to do that very Moment. You are in the right on't, Sir, said he, to find fault with my Picture, it is not yet dry: This Face is *Soak'd*, and to deal freely with you, the Colours I use in Painting, don't appear worth a Farthing at first.

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first. I will bring you this *Table* some Months hence, and then you shall pay me, as you find it pleases you: I am confident it will appear quite another thing then. *Sir, your Humble Servant, I have no occasion for Money.*

The Painter carried his Piece Home; our young Lover was Married the next Day, and some Months went over his Head before the Painter appear'd. At last he brings the Picture with him, and our young Husband was surpriz'd when he saw it. You promis'd, says he, that time wou'd mend your Picture, and you are as good as your Word. Lord, what a difference there is? I swear I scarce know it now I see it again. I admire to see what a strange effect a few Months have had upon your Colours; but I admire your Ingenuity much more. However, Sir, I must take the freedom to tell you, That in my Opinion his Looks are somewhat of the *Gayest*, these *Eyes* are too Brisk and Lively: Then to deal plainly with you, the *Fires of Hymen* ought not to be altogether so bright as those of *Love*; for his is a Solid but Heavy Fire. Besides, the Disposition of your Figure, is somewhat too *Free*, and

Chearful, and you have given him a certain Air of Wantonness, which, let me tell you, Sir, does not at all fit well upon In short, this is none of *Hymen*.

Very well, Sir, said the Painter ; what I foresaw is now come to pass. *Hymen* at present is not so beautiful in your Idea, as in my Picture. The Case is mightily alter'd from what it was three Months ago. 'Tis not my Picture, but your Imagination that is changed: You were a Lover then, but now a Husband.

I understand you very well, says the Husband interrupting him, *Let us drop that Matter*. Your Picture now pleases, and here is more Money for it than you could reasonably have expected. By no means says the Painter, you must excuse me there ; but I will give you another Picture, wherein by certain *Optick Rules* and *Perspectives*, it shall be so contrived, as it shall please both the *Lovers* and the *Husbands*, and perform'd it accordingly, placing it at the end of a Long-Gallery, upon a kind of an Alcove ; and to come to this Alcove, one must first pass over a very Slippery Step. On this side of it was the Critical Place where the Piece look'd so Love-ly

ly and Delicious; but as soon as you were gone beyond it, it made a most lamentable Figure.

If you understand how difficult a thing it is to paint *Matrimony* to the Gust of all People, pray suspend your Censure here, I am going to Present my Picture, chuse what Light you please to view it in.

To come back to my Travelling Stile, I must tell you at first Dash that *Marriage* is a Country that Peoples all others: The *Commonalty* are more fruitful there than the *Nobility*, the reason of which perhaps is, That the *Nobility* take more delight to Ramble Abroad, than stay at Home. *Marriage* has this peculiar Property annexed to it, that it can alter the Humours of those that are settled in it. It frequently transforms a Jolly Fellow into a Meer *Sot*, it often melts down a *Beau* into an errant *Sloven*; and on the other Hand it so happens sometimes, that a *Witty* Vertuous Woman will improve a *Dull* Heavy Country *Booby* into a Man of Sence and Gallantry.

People Marry for different Motives: Some are lead by Portion, and others by Reason; the former without knowing what they are going to do, and the latter

latter knowing no more, but that the thing must be done.

There are Men in the World so weary of Quiet and Indolence, that they Marry only to divert themselves. In the first place the *Choice* of a Woman employs them for some time: Then Visits and Interviews, Feasts and Ceremonies; but after the last Ceremony is over, they are more Tired and Weary than ever.

How many Hundred Married Couples do we see, who from the second Year of their coming together, have nothing more in Common than their Names, their Quality, their Ill Humour and their Misery.

I don't wonder there are so many Unhappy Matches, since Folks Marry rather wholly of their own Heads, or wholly by those of others. A Man that Marries of his own Head, not seeing that in his *Spouse*, which all the World sees in her, is in danger of seeing much more in her, than others ever did.

Another that has not Courage enough to trust his own Judgment, fairly applies himself to the next *Match-Maker* in the Neighbourhood, who knows to a Tittle the exact Rates of the Market, and the Current Price of Young Women

Women that are fit to Marry. These Marriage *Hucksters*, or *Wife-Brokers*, have an admirable Talent to sort Conditions, Families, Trades, and Estates: In short, every thing together, except Humours and Inclinations, about which they never trouble themselves.

By the Procurement of these experienc'd Matrons, a Marriage is struck up like a *Smithfield Bargain*: There is much Higling and Wrangling for t'other Ten Pound. One side endeavours to raise, and the other to beat down the Market Price. At last, after a World of Words spent to fine purpose, they come to a Conclusion.

Others that have no time to Truck and Bargain so, go immediately to a Scrivener's to find out a *Rich Widow*, as they go to the Office of Intelligence to hearken out a Service.

It is not altogether the Match-makers Fault, if you are deceived in your Woman. She gives you an account of her *Portion* to a Farthing: You examine nothing but the Articles relating to the *Family* and the *Fortune*; the Woman is left in the Margin of the Inventory, and you find her too much at long run.

After all that I have said, I am not afraid to advance this Proposition; that

'tis

'tis possible for those that Marry to be *Happy*. But you must call it Trucking or Bartering, and not Marrying, to take a Woman meerly for her Fortune, and reckon her Perfections by the Number of *Pounds* she is like to bring with her. Nor is it to Marry but to Please one's self, to choose a Wife as we do a *Tulip*, meerly for her Beauty. It is not to Marry, but to *Doat* at a certain Age, to take a *Younge Woman* only for the sake of her Company.

What is it then to be Marry'd? Why, 'tis to choose with Circumspection, and Deliberation, by Inclination, and not by Interest, such a Woman as will chuse you after the same manner.

Besides other things in common with all the World, the Country of *Marriage* has this Particular to it self; That Strangers have a desire to Settle there, and the Natural Inhabitants wou'd be Banish'd out of it with all their Hearts.

A Man may be Banish'd out of his Country by certain things call'd *Separation*; but the true way of getting out of it is by Widdow-hood, and is much to be preferred before Separation; for the Separated are *Savage Animals*, incapable of the prettiest Ties

of

of Society. The usual Causes of Separation is assign'd as the Fault of the VVife, but often the Husband is the occasion that the VVife is in the Fault; and he himself is a Fool to proclaim to the VVorld that his VVife has made a false Step.

It will be expected now, that I speak a few Words of Widdowhood. 'Tis a Copious and Fertile Subject that's certain: but a Man may burn his Fingers by meddling with it. For if I describe them but as little concern'd for the Death of their Husbands, I shall offend the Rules of Decency and good Manners, and if I exaggerate their Afflictions, I shall offend the Truth.

VVhatever our Railers pretend to the contrary, I say there's no Widdowhood without a sprinkling of Sorrow in it. Is it not a very Sorrowful Condition to be obliged to Counterfeit a perpetual Sorrow? A very Doleful Part this, that a Widdow must play, who would not give the World occasion to Talk of her.

There are some Widdows in the World so mightily befriended by Providence, that their Sighs and Tears cost them nothing. I know one of a contrary Temper to this, who did honestly all that in her lay to afflict her self;

self; but Nature it seems had denied her the Gift of Tears. She desir'd to raise the Compassion of her Husband's Relations, for her All depended on them.

One Day her Brother-in-Law, who lamented exceedingly, reproach'd her for not having shed one Tear. Alas, reply'd the Widow to him, my Poor Heart is so over-whelm'd with this unexpected Calamity, that I am, as it were become insensible by it. Great Sorrows are not felt at first; but I am sure mine will Kill me in the End.

I know very well, said her Brother-in-Law to her, that Griefs too great don't make themselves at first to be perceived; and I know as well, that Violent Griefs don't continue long. Thus, Madam, you will be strangely surprized, that the Grief of your Widowhood will be past before you are aware.

Another Widow was reduced to the last pitch of Despair, nor was it without a very Sorrowful Occasion. She had lost upon the same Day the *Best Husband*, and the *Prettiest little Lap-Dog in London*. This double Widowhood had brought her to so low a Condition, that her Friends were afraid of her Life. They durst not speak to her
of

of Eating and Drinking; nay, they durst not so much as offer to Comfort her. 'Tis a dangerous Matter, you know, to combat a Woman's Grief. The best way is to let Time and their Natural Inconstancy work it off. However to accustom our Widdow by little and little to support the Idea of her Two Losses, a Good Friend spoke to her first of her *Little Dog*. At the bare Name of *Dony*, there was such a Howling and Crying, such Tearing of Hair, and Beating of Breasts; in short, such a Noise, and such a Pother, that one would have thought Heaven and Earth had been coming together: At last she fainted away. Well, says this Prudent Friend of hers, God be prais'd I was so happy as not to mention her *Husband* to her, for then she had certainly Died upon the Spot.

The next Day the Name of *Dony* set her Tears a running in so great plenty, that it was hoped the Spring would stop of it self, and the above-mentioned Zealous Friend, thought she might now venture to administer some consolation to her.

Alas, says she, if the bare Name of *Dony* gives you so much Affliction, what might we not fear from you, should we talk to you of your *Dear Husband*

Husband? But God forbid I should do that. *Oh Poor Dony!* To be Mow'd down thus in the Flower of Youth and Beauty! VVell, *Madam*, you'll never have such another pretty Creature again. But 'tis happy for the *Dog* that he's Dead, for you cou'd never have Lov'd him longer that's certain! Is it possible for a VVoman to love any thing after she has lost her Husband?

After this manner it was that this *Discreet* Gentlewoman very dexterously mingled the Idea of the *Husband* with that of *Dony*, well knowing that as two Shoulders of Mutton drive down one another, so two powerful Grievs destroy one another by making a Diversion. She observed that at the Name of *Dony*, her Tears redoubled, which stopt short at the Name of *Husband*: It was without question, a sort of a *Qualm*. Every body knows that Tears are a Tribute we owe, and only pay to ordinary Grievs. However it was, our poor afflicted Widow passed several Days and Nights in this sad Alternative of Weeping for her *Dog*, and Lamenting her *Husband*.

At last her Good Friend enquired all over the Town for a *Pretty Dog*; and it was her good Luck to light upon
one

one much Finer and Prettier than *Dony* of *Happy Memory*, and presented it to our Widdow, who burst into a fresh Stream of Tears as she accepted it. This Beautiful New-comer, so strangely insinuated himself into her Good Affections, that within Eight Days he had got the Ascendant of her Heart, and *Dony* was no more thought of, than if he had never had a Being there. Observe now what a Consequence our Widows Friend drew from it.

If a New *Dog* has put a stop to her Tears, perhaps a New *Husband* will have the same Operation upon her Qualms. But, Alas, the one was not to be so easily effected as the other. The New *Dog* so Play'd his Cards, that he effaced the memory of his Predecessors in Eight days; but it was above Three long tedious Months, before our Widow could be brought to take a New *Husband* into her Bed.

Now tho' I left my self full power to drop my *Indian Traveller* as often as I saw convenient, yet I have no intention to lose him out of my Sight; for I have occasion for him to Authorise certain Odd Fancies that come into my Head, while I pass from the Country of *Marriage*, where we lose our Liberties into that of *Gaming* where we lose our Estates.

Amusement VIII.

Gaming-Houses.

GAMING is an Estate to which all the World has a Pretence, tho' few espouse it that are willing to keep either their Estates, or Reputations. I knew two *Middlesex Sharpers* not long ago, that Inherited a West-Country Gentleman's Estate; who, I believe, wou'd have never made them his Heirs in his last will and Testament.

Lantrillon is a kind of a Republick very ill ordered, where all the World are Hail Fellow well met; no distinction of Ranks, no Subordination observed. The greatest Scoundrel of the Town with Money in his Pockets, shall take his Turn before the best Duke or Peer in the Land, if the Cards are on his side.

From

From these Priviledg'd-Places, not only all Respect and Inferiority is Banish'd; but every thing that looks like Good Manners, Compassion, or Humanity: Their Hearts are so Hard and Obdurate, that what occasions the Grief of one Man, gives Joy and Satisfaction to his next Neighbour.

The *Græcians* met together in former Times, to see their Gladiators shew their Valour; that is, to Slash and Kill one another; and this they called Sport? What a Cursed Barbarity was this? But are we a Jot Inferiour to them in this respect, who Christen all the Disorders of *Lansquenets* by the Name of Gaming, or to use the Gamesters own Expression, where a Parcel of *Sharks* meet, *To Bite one anothers Heads off.*

It happened one Day, that my Traveller dropt into a Chocolate-House in *Covent-Garden*, where they were at this Noble Recreation. He was wonderfully surprized at the Odness of the Sight. Set your self now in the room of a Superstitious *Indian*, who knows nothing of our Customs at Play, and you will agree that his Notions, as Abstracted and Visionary as they may seem, have some Foundations in Truth. I present you here with his

own Expressions as I found them set down in a Letter which he sent into his own Coutry.

The Fragments of an Indian Letter.

THE *English* pretend that they Worship but one God, but for my Part, I don't believe what they say: For besides several Living Divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their Vows, they have several other Inanimate ones to whom they pay Sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their Publick Meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this Place there is a great Altar to be seen, built round and covered with a Green *Wachum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several Persons in a sitting Posture, as we do at our Domestick Sacrifices.

At the very Moment I came into the Room, one of those, who I supposed was the *Priest*, spread upon the Altar

cer-

certain Leaves which he took out of a little Book that he held in his Hand. Upon these Leaves were represented certain Figures very awkwardly Painted; however they must needs be the Images of some Divinities, for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the Assistants made an Offering to it, greater or less, according to his Devotion. I observed that these Offerings were more considerable, than those they make in their other Temples.

After the aforesaid Ceremony is over, the Priest lays his Hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the Book, and continues sometime in this posture seized with Fear, and without any Action at all: All the rest of the Company attentive to what he does, are in Suspence all the while, and unmoveable, like himself. At last every Leaf which he returns to them, these unmoveable Assistants are all of them in their Turn possess'd by different Agitations, according to the *Spirit* which happens to seize them: One joins his Hands together, and *Blesses Heaven*, another very earnestly looking upon his Image, *Grinds his Teeth*, a Third, *Bites his Fingers and stamps upon the Ground with*

his Feet. Every one of them, in short, make such extraordinary Postures and Contortions, that they seem to be no longer Rational Creatures. But scarce has the Priest returned a certain Leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same Fury with the rest. *He tears the Book, and devours it in his Rage, throws down the Altar, and Curses the Sacrifice.* Nothing now is to be heard but Complaints and Groans, Cries and Imprecations. Seeing them so Transported, and so Furious, I judge that the God they Worship is a Jealous Deity, who to Punish them for what they Sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an Evil Demon to Possess him.

I have thus shewed you what Judgment an *Indian* would be apt to pass upon the Transports he finds in our Gamesters. What wou'd he not have thought then, if he had seen any of our *Gaming Ladies* there.

'Tis certain that Love it self, as extravagant as it is, never occasion'd so many Disorders among the Women, as the unaccountable Madness of *Gaming*. How come they to abandon themselves thus to a Passion that discomposes their Minds, their Healths, their Beauty, that Ruines——what was I going to say? But this Picture does
not

not shew them to Advantage, let us draw a Curtain over it.

In some Places they call Gaming-Houses *Academies*; but I know not why they should inherit that Honourable Name, since there's nothing to be learn'd there, unless it be *Slight of Hand*, which is sometimes at the Expence of all our Money, to get that of other Mens by Fraud and Cunning.

The Persons that meet are generally Men of an *Infamous* Character, and are in various Shapes, Habits, and Employments. Sometimes they are Squires of the *Pad*, and now and then borrow a little Money upon the *King's High-Way*, to recruit their Losses at the *Gaming-House*, and when a Hue and Cry is out, to apprehend them, they are as safe in one of these Houses as a *Priest* at the *Altar* and practise the old Trade of *Cross-biting Cullies*, assisting the *Frail square Dye* with high and low *Fullums*, and other *Napping Tricks*, in comparison of whom the common *Bulkers*, and *Pick-Pockets*, are a very honest Society.

How unaccountable is this way to *Beggary*, that when a Man has but a little Money, and knows not where in the *VVorld* to compass any more, unless by hazarding his *Neck* for't,

will try an Experiment to leave himself none at all: Or, he that has Money of his own, should play the Fool, and try whether it shall not be another Man's. Was ever any thing so Non-sensically Pleasant?

One idle day I ventur'd into one of these *Gaming-Houses*, where I found an *Oglio of Rakes* of several Humours, and Conditions met together. Some that had lost were Swearing, and Damning themselves, and the *Devil's Bones*, that had left them never a Penny to bless their Heads with. One that had play'd away even his Shirt and Cravat, and all his Clothes but his Breeches, stood shivering in a Corner of the Room, and another comforting him, and saying, *Damme Jack*, who ever thought to see thee in a State of Innocency: Cheer up, Nakedness is the best Receipt in the World against a Fever, and then fell a Ranting, as if Hell had broke loose that very Moment.

What the Devil have we here to do, says my *Indian*, do's it Rain Oaths and Curses in this Country? I see Gamblers are Shipwrackt before they come to understand their Danger, and loose their Clothes before they have paid their *Tailors*. They should go to School in my Country to learn Sobriety

ty and Vertue. I told him, instead of *Academies*, these Places should be call'd *Cheating-Houses*: Whereupon a Bully of the *Blade* came strutting up to my very Nose, in such a Fury, that I would willingly have given half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition, crying out, Split my Wind-pipe, Sir, you are a Fool, and don't understand *Trap*, the whole World's a Cheat.

The *Play-House* cheats you of your time, and the *Tradesmen* of your Money, without giving you either Sense or Reason for't. The *Attorney* picks your Pocket, and gives you *Law* for't; the *Whore* picks your Purse, and gives you the *Pox* for't; and the *Poet* picks your Pocket, and gives you nothing for it. *Lovers* cozen you with their *Eyes*, *Orators* with their *Tongues*, the *Valiant* with their *Arms*, *Fiddlers* with their *Fingers*, *Surgeons* with *Wooden Legs*, and *Courtiers* and *Songsters*, empty your Pockets, and give you *Breath* and *Air* for it: And why should not we Recruit by the same Methods that have Ruin'd us.

Our Friends, continued he, gives us good Advice, and would fain draw us off from the Course we are in, but all to no purpose: We ask them what they would have us do? Money
we

we have none, and without it there is no Living : Should we stay till it were brought, or come alone? How would you have a poor *Individuum Vagum* live? That has neither Estate, Office, Master, nor Friend to maintain him : And is quite out of his Element, unless he be either in a *Tavern*, a *Bawdy-House*, or a *Gaming Ordinary*. No, we are the Men, says he, that Providence has appointed to live by our Wits, and will not want while there is Money above Ground. *Happy Man catch a Mackeril*. Let the *VVorst* come to'th *VVorst*, a *Wry Mouth* on the *Tripple Tree*, puts an end to all Discourse about us.

From the Gaming-House we took our *VWalk* through the Streets, and the first Amusements we Encountred, were the Variety and contradictory Language of the *Signes*, enough to persuade a Man there were no Rules of Concord among the Citizens. Here we saw *Joseph's Dream*, the *Bull* and *Mouth*, the *Hen* and *Razor*, the *Ax* and *Bottle*, the *Whale* and *Crow*, the *Shovel* and *Boot*, the *Leg* and *Star*, the *Bible* and *Swan*, the *Frying-Pan* and *Drum*, the *Lute* and *Tun*, the *Hog* in *Armour*, and a thousand others that the wise Men that put them there can give no Reason for.

Here

Here walk'd a Fellow with a long white Rod on his Shoulder, that's a-sham'd to cry his Trade, though he gets his Living by it; another bawling out *TODD's* Four Volumes in Print, which a Man in Reading of, would wonder that so much *Venom* should not tear him to pieces, but that some of the ancient Moralists have observed, that the Rankest *Poyson* may be kept in an *Asses* Hoof, or a *Fool's* Bosom. Some say, the first Word he spoke was *Rascal*, and that if he lives to have Children, they will all speak the same Dialect, and have a Natural Antipathy to *Eggs*, because their Father was palter'd with hundreds of them, when he was dignified on the Pillory.

Other Amusements presented themselves as thick as Hops, as *Moses* Pictur'd with *Horns* on his Head, to keep *Cheapside* in Countenance. The Sign of the Three *Nuns* very dismally Painted; to keep up young Women's Antipathy to Popery and Maiden-heads. Here sat a Fellow selling *little Balls* to take the Stains out of the Citizens Wives Petticoats, that should have been as big as *Foot-Balls*. if applied to that purpose. Under that Bulk was a *Projector* clicking off his *Swimming Girdles*, to keep up Merchants Credits from sinking. A pretty

pretty *Engine* to preserve Bankers and Ensurers from Breaking, and prevent publishing it in the *Gazette*, when they are Broke? that they will pay all their Debts as far as it may stand with their Convenience.

In that Shop was an indebted Lord talking of his *Honour*, and a Tradesman of his *Honesty*, things that every Man has, and every thing is, in some Disguise or other, but duly consider'd, there are scarce any such things in the World, unless among Pawn-Brokers, Stock-Jobbers, and Horse-Courfers; so that the Lord and Tradesman were discouraging about nothing; and signified no more, than the Parson's Preaching against *Covetousness* to the Maim'd, Blind, and superannuated Soldiers in *Chelsey-College*, nor Dr. *Salmon's* prescribing *Cow Heels* to a Married Couple, as a conglutinating Aliment. But there the *Weaver* had the Ascendant of the *Doctor*.

As we pass'd along, I could not forbear looking into some of the Shops to see how the Owners employed themselves in the Absence of Customers, and in a Barber's Shop I saw a *Beau* so overladen with VVig, that there was no difference between his Head, and the Wooden one that stood in

in the Window. The Fop it seems, was newly come to his Estate, though not to the years of Discretion, and was singing the Song. *Happy is the Child whose Father is gone to the Devil, and the Barber all the while keeping time on his Cittern*; for you know a Cittern and a Barber is as natural as Milk to a Calf, or the Bears to be attended by a Bag-piper.

In the Scrivener's Shop I saw a company of Sparks that were selling their VVives and their Portions, and Purchasing Annuities; and Old Ten-in-the-Hundred; Fathers, Damning themselves to raise their Posterities. In the Tabacconist's Shops Men were sneezing and spawling, as if they were all Clapt, and under a Salivation for the cure on't. They that Smoak'd it, were persecuting others to follow their Example, and they that snuff'd it up in Powder, were drawing upon themselves the Incommodities of old Age, in the perpetual Annoyance of Rheum and Drivel.

Pursuing my Voyage through the City, and casting a Lect into the Shops of the Rich *Drapers, Mercers, and Lacemen*, I saw them haunted by many People in Want, especially young *Heirs* newly at Age, and *Spendthrifts*,
that

that came to borrow Money of them. Alas, said the Traders, Times are Dead, and little Money stirring. All we can do, is to furnish you with what the Shop affords; and if a Hundred Pound or two in *Commodities* will do you any good they are at your Service. These the *Gallants* take up at an excessive Rate, to sell immediately for what they can get; and the *Trader* has his Friend to take them off Underhand at a third part of the Value, *by way of helping Men in Distress*. These are they that inveigle unthinking Animals, into all sorts of extravagant Expences, and ruine them Insensibly under colour of *Kindness* and *Credit*: For they set every thing at double the Value; and if you keep not touch at your Day, your Persons are imprisoned, your Goods seized, and your Estates extended. And they that help'd to make you *Princes* before, are now the forwardest to put you into the Condition of *Beggars*.

Among other Amusements, let us speak a VVord or two of *Lombard-street*, where *Luxury* seems to carry us to *Peru*, where you behold their *Magazines*, *Ingots* of Gold and Silver as big as Pigs of Lead; and your *Ladies* after they have travell'd thither

ther with some liberal Interloper, carry home with them more than their Husbands are worth, and drag at their long Tails the whole Substance of a Herd of Creditors. Here are Jewels and Pearls, Rubies and Diamonds, Broad Pieces, Guineas, *Lewis d'Or's*, Crown Pieces, and Dollars without Number: Nay, in some of their Shops is nothing to be seen, or Sold, but great heaps of Money; that would tempt a Man to think, the whole *Indies* were emptied into one single Shop, 'tis so full of Gold and Silver; and yet it often happens, that he that is possesst of all this vast Treasure, is not worth a brass Farthing. To Day his Counters bend under the weight of *Cash*, and to Morrow the Shop is shut up, and you hear no more of our Goldsmith, till you find him in a *Gazette*, torn to Pieces by a Statute of Bankrupt: And he and his Creditors made a *Prey* by a parcel of devouring Vermin, call'd Commissioners.

The Neighbouring Country is *Stocks-Market*, where you see a large Garden, Paved with *Pibble Stones* in all the Beds and Allies; indifferently open to all Commers and Goers, and yet bears as good Herbs, Fruits, and Flowers, as any in the World. Here

is

is *Winter* dress'd in the Livery of *Summer*. Every day a Crop is gather'd, and every Night are stockt up in Baskets, till the next days Sun does open them.

About this Garden great Numbers of Nymphs reside, who each of them live in their respective Tubs: They have not only that in common with *Diogenes*, but like that Philosopher also, they speak out freely to the first Comer whatever comes uppermost. A further Description I would give you of their *Parts*, and Persons, but that I cannot endure the smell of the *Serjeants* at the *Counter-Gate*, who stink worse than old Ling, or *Assa fætida*, and would poyson the Country, if this pleasant Garden was not an Antidote against their Infection. And therefore I'll go back again into the Country of

Coffee-Houses.

Where being arriv'd I am in a Wood, there are so many of them I know not which to enter. Stay, let

let me see! Where the Sign is Painted with a *Woman's Hand in't*, 'tis a Bawdy-House. Where a *Man's*, it has another Qualification; but where it has a *Star* in the Sign, 'tis Calculated for every Leud purpose.

Every Coffee-House is *Illuminated* both without and within Doors; without by a fine Glass-Lanthorn, and within by a Woman so *Light* and *Splendid*, you may see through her without the help of a Perspective. At the Bar the good Man always places a charming *Phillis* or two, who invite you by their Amorous Glances into their smoaky Territories, to the loss of your Sight.

This is the Place where several *Knights Errant* come to seat themselves at the same Table, without knowing one another, and yet talk as familiarly together, as if they had been of many years Acquaintance. They have scarce look'd about them, when a certain Liquor as *Black as Soot*, is handed to them, which being *Foppishly* fumed into their Noses, Eyes, and Ears, has the Vertue to make them Talk and Prattle together of every thing but what they should do. Now they tell their several Adventures by Sea, and Land. How they Conquer'd the *Gyant*, were overcome by the *Lady*, and bought a

pair of wax'd Boots at *Northampton*, to go a VVooing in. One was commending his VVife, another his Horfe, and the third said he had the best smoak'd Beef in *Christendom*. Some were discoursing of all sorts of Government, Monarchical, Aristocratical, and Democratical. Some about the choice of Mayors, Sheriffs, and Aldermen, and others of the Transcendent Vertues of Vinegar, Pepper, and Mustard. In short, I thought the whole *Room* was a perfect Resemblance of *Dover-Court*, where all Speak, but no body heard nor answer'd.

To the Charms of *Coffee*, the wiser sort join'd *Spirit of Clary*, *Usquebaugh*, and *Brandy*, which compleatly Enchants the Knights: By the force of these Soporiferous Enchantments, you shall find one Snoring heartily on a *Bench*, another makes Love to Beautiful *Phillis* at the Bar; and the third as valiant as *Orlando Furioso*, goes to signalise his Valour in scouring the Streets.

I should never have done, if I should attempt to run through all the several Countries within the Walls of *London*; as the long Robe, the Sword, the Treasury. Every State in brief, is like a separate Country by its self,
and

and has its particular Manners and Gibberish.

Here you may view the Fruitful Country of *Trade*, that has ruined Leather Breeches into Gold Chains, blue Aprons into Fur Gowns, a Kitchenstuff Tub into a gilded Chariot, a Dray-man into a Knight, and Noblemen's Palaces into Shops and Ware-Houses.

Here is also the *Barren Country* of the *Philosopher's-Stone*, inhabited by none but Cheats in the Operation, Beggars in the Conclusion, and now is become almost Desolate, till another Age of Fools and Knaves do People it. To this may be added the *Cold Country* of the *News-Mongers*, that Report more than they hear, affirm more than they know, and swear more than they believe, that Rob one another, and lye in *Sheets* for want of a *Coverlid*. The *Hot Country* of the Disputers, that quarrel and raise a Dust about nothing. The *Level Country* of Bad Poets, and Presbyterian Parsons: One of which is maintain'd by a good stock of Confidence, and the other by Flattery and Canting. The *Desart uninhabited Country* of *Vertuous Women*. The *Conquer'd Country* of *Coquets*, and an infinite Number of others; not to

reckon the *Lost* Country inhabited by *Strowlers* who aim at nothing but to lead others out of their way. They are of easie accels, but 'tis dangerous to Traffick with them. Some of them have the Art to please without Management, and to love without Loving.

But how have I forgot my own *Dear Country*, that is consecrated to *Bacchus*; that abounds with *Nectar*, the Wonder working Liquor of the World; that makes a *Poet* a *Prince* in's own Conceit; a Coward Valiant, and a *Beggâr* as Rich as an *Alderman*. Here I live at Ease, and in Plenty, Swagger and Carouze, Quarrel with the Master, Fight the Drawer, and never trouble my self about paying the *Reckoning*, for one Fool or other pays it for me. A *Poet* that has Wit in his Head, never carries Money in his Breeches, for fear of creating a *New Amusement*.

In *Leicester-Fields*, I saw a *Mountebank* on the Stage, with a Congregation of Fools about him, who like a Master in the Faculty of *Lying*, gave them a History of his Cures, beyond all the Plays and Farces in the World. He told them of Fifteen Persons that were Run clear through the Body, and
glad

glad for a matter of three Days together, to carry their *Puddings* in their Hands ; but in four and Twenty Hours he made 'em as whole as Fishes, and not so much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the Orifice. If a Man had been so bold as to ask him when and where ? His Answer would have been ready without Studying ; that it was some Twelve Hundred Leagues off in *Terra Incognita*, by the Token, that at the same time he was Physician in Ordinary to a great Prince, that dy'd about Five and twenty Years ago and yet the *Quack* was not Forty.

All these Subjects though very Amusing, were not equally Edifying, and therefore in my Voyage towards the City I call'd in at a *Quaker's Meeting*, where a Fellow was talking Nonsense as confidently, as if he had had a Patent for it, and confirm'd the *Papist's* Maxim, *That Ignorance is the Mother of Devotion*. The *W*omen were the Oddest Creatures in the *W*orld, neither Flesh nor Fish ; but like *Frogs*, only their lower Parts were Man's Meat.

From thence I sail'd into a *Presbyterian Meeting* near *Covent Garden*, where the *Vociferous Holder-forth* was as bold and Saucy, as if the Deity and

all Mankind had owed him Money: He was shewing the way to be *Rich when Taxes rise, and Trading falls*, and Descanting upon all Humours and Manners. He (says the Tubster) that would be Rich according to the Practice of this wicked Age, must play the *Thief* or the *Cheat*; he that would Rise in the World, must turn *Parasite* or *Projector*. He that Marries, ventures for the *Horn*, either before, or afterwards. There is no Valour without Swearing, Quarrelling, or Hectoring. If you are poor, no body owns you. If Rich, you'll know no body. If you dye *young*, what pity 'twas they'l say, that he should be cut off in his Prime. If *Old*, he was e'en past his best; there's no great Mifs of him. If you are Religious, and frequent Meetings, the World will say you are a *Hypocrite*; And if you go to Church, and don't make a liberal Contribution to us, we say you are a *Papist*. To which I make bold to add, if you are *Gay* and *Pleasant*, you pass for a *Buffoon*; and if *Pensive* and *Reserv'd*, you are taken to be *Sour* and *Censorious*. *Courtesy* is call'd *Colloguing* and *Currying of Favour*: Downright *Honesty* and *Plain-Dealing*, is interpreted to be *Pride* and

Ill Manners: And so I took my leave of Dr. ----

And Peep'd into a *Fine Church* in my Way to *Fleet-street*, where a huge double Belly'd Doctor, was so full of his *Doubtlesses*, that he left no room for one *Grain* of *Scepticism*, and made me so perfect a *Dogmatist*, that I made these Innocent Reflections. The Dr. does not love Butter'd-Buns, *Doubtless*, he is glad that his first *Lady Wife* is under Ground, he Married again within two Months after Death, *Doubtless*, he is Carnally inclin'd, he has got his second Wife with Child, *Doubtless* a Man of his Sanguine appearance had no body to help him. He is very Fat, *Doubtless* he is Rich. He looks very *Grum* and *Surly*, *Doubtless* he is not the best Humour'd Man in the World; but I soon gave over these Remarks; for being a Stranger to his *Worship*, *Doubtless* I might have been sometimes in the Right, and *Doubtless* I should sometimes have been in the Wrong; and therefore I removed my Corps to another Church in my Road to London.

Here a very Genteel Reader to shew himself *Frenchify'd*, instead of reading *Porage*, after our Old Honest *English* Custom, gave it an *A la Mode Turn*, and pronounc'd it *Pottaugsh*;

whereas to have been more Modish in his *Tongue*, as well as his other Parts, he might have called it a *Dish of Soop*.

Before Sermon began the Clark in a *Slit Stick* (contrived for that purpose at a Serious Consult by the Famous *Architects* and *Engineers*, Sir C. W. and Col. *Pickpeper*) handed up to the Pulpit a Number of *Prayer-Bills*, containing the Humble Petitions of divers *Devoto's* for a supply of what they wanted, and the removal of their Afflictions.

One was a Bill from a *Courtier*, that having a good *Post*, desired he might keep it for his Life, without being call'd to an Account for *Neglect*, or *Mismanagement*; and that he might continue without controul, God's Servant in Ordinary, and the King's Special Favorite.

A Young *Virgin*, apprehensive of her Wants, and Weaknesses, being about to enter into the Holy State of *Matrimony*, prayed for proportionable Gifts and Graces, to enable her for such an *Under-Taking*.

Some Pray'd for Good Matches for their *Daughters*, and good Offices for their *Sons*; others beg'd *Children* for themselves: And sure the *Husband* that allows his *Wife* to ask *Children* Abroad,

Abroad, will be so Civil as to take them Home when they are given him.

Now came abundance of *Bills* from such as were going Voyages to Sea, and others that were taking long Journeys by Land; both Praying for the Gift of Chastity for their *Wives*, and *Fidelity* for their *Frentices*, till they should return again. Then the Bills of Complaint coming in thick and three-fold, *Humbly shewing*, that many Citizens *VVives*, had hard Hearts, Undutiful Husbands, and Disobedient Children, which they heartily Pray'd to be quit of; I discharg'd my Ears from their Attendance on so Melancholy a Subject, and employed my Eyes on the variety of *Diverting Faces* in the Gallery.

Where you might see in one *Pew*, a Covey of Handsome, Bucksome, *Bona Roba's*, with High-Heads, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* of Ornament and Dress about them, as Merry as *Hawks* in a Mew, as *Airy* as their *Fans*, and as Light as a *Beaux* Head, or his *Feather*.

In another *Pew* was a Nest of such Hard-favour'd *She's* that you would have blest your self. Some with their Faces so Pounced and Speckled, as if they

they had been *Scarified*, and newly pass'd the *Cupping-Glass*; with a World of little Plaisters, *Large, Round, Square*, and briefly cut out into such variety, that it would have posed a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure. They employ'd themselves while the *Bills* were reading, about ----- Hush, hush.

The *Wou'd be Bishop* is beginning, and 'tis a sign of a *Clown*, as well as an *Atheist*, *Ludere cum Sanctis*; for tho' I expose the Foppery of Persons, I have a great Veneration for Holy Offices. Our *Doctor*, I *Grant* it, has some of the Qualifications of an *All-Souls Candidate*, *Bene Vestiti & Mediocriter Docti*; and in good earnest fills a Pulpit very well; but that he so often hauls in his *Common-Place Book* by Neck and Shoulders, that he cloy's his Auditors with that unpalatable *Ragoust*, called in *Latin* *Cramben biscoctum*, and in plain *English* *Twice-boil'd Cabbage*; for having in every Harangue, let the Subject be what it will, Marshal'd his Discourse by the help of the *Warlike* *Josephus*, and by the Assistance of the Learned *Grotius*, and Pious *Dr. Hammond* our own Countryman, puzzled *Aquinas* confuted *Belarmin*, and Baffled *Origen*, pass we on (says

(says he) to the next thing as considerable.

The *Clark* is such an Affected C. C. C-----, that he Sings out of Tune, repeat's out of Order, and does nothing as he should do: For instead of saying, *Amen*, he Screams out *A Main*, which had like to put me into a Confounded Fit of Laughter; for a Spark who had been Over-night at 7 or 11, falling Asleep in the Church, and being waked by the Noise of *A Main*, he starts up, and cries out aloud, *I'll Set you Half a Crown*.

Crowding to get out to breath my Spleen at this Adventure, I put the *Bilk* upon a *Pick-Pocket*; who Measuring my Estate by the Length and Bulkiness of my *New Whig*, which (*God knows*) is not paid for, he made a Dive into my Pocket, but encountering a Disappointment, Rub'd off, Cursing the *Vacuum*; and I as heartily laughing at his *Folly*, that could think a *Poet* ever went to Church, when he had Money to go to a Tavern. Poets are better Principled than to hoard up *Trash*; and could they as well secure themselves from the *Flesh* and the *Devil*, as they do from the *World*, there would not be a Hairs breadth 'twixt them and Heaven. This *Pain's* taker
of

of a Divine, has sometimes since I hear been oblig'd to his kind Parishioners, for letting him make a sure Cure of his care of Souls, by pulling down that Church, he gave such instances of preternatural endowments in, and have rebuilt it to pull it down again or one of the Church Wardens does not talk so much like an Apothecary as he reported to do, and the t'other takes as much care of other Peoples Money, as he does of his own. But, talk, is but talk, and the Gentlemen of the Vestry, would never shew their own Heads to be heavier than their Body's, by Building a greater superstructure to that of the Church, than its Foundations will bear: Tho' W--- K---, to be sure knows more of the matter than Sir Christopher Wren, and the Book-sellers thereabouts, will have more than sufficient amends made for the Cost they will be at in Beautifying the Dr's Church and Pulpit; would his Reverence oblige 'em with the Copys of his elaborate Sermons.

After so learn'd a discourse I could digest nothing under the D--- of St. P---, and over went to the Temple Church, but who should be laying down new Schemes of Church Government, but W--- K--- D. D. he had learn'd

learn'd to Flatter Arch-Bishops and other Great Men, from this Pedantick Translation of *Pliny's*, fulsom Panegyrick, and was *drawing* forth his Words at full length, in order to draw himself into some Church Preferment, tho' in my opinion, it was very improper, that a Man that had written contrary to the Canons of the Church, and the municipal Laws of the Kingdom, should be Perch'd up in a Pulpit to give Instructions to those Gentlemen, whose Abilities would be too hard for his Ignorance. But Dr. *Arterbury* has handled him with that dexterity, as to have occasion for no one else to expole his weakness, and if he must have no other Preferment, before he flings him upon his Back, he may rest contented with his Arch-Deaconry and Curacy.

Now I cross'd the way to a *Book-sellers*, in hopes to get a Dinner and a Bottle; but the Stingy Curr pop t me off with a Dish of *Coffee*, and the old Talk that Trading was Dead, that they suffer'd for other Mens Works as well as their own; and in short, finding not a *Penny* to be screw'd out of the *Prig*, I pursued my Voyage to the City; but it happening to Rain,

to

to shelter my self from it I run my
Face into

A Herald's Office.

HERE was a Confounded Noise of Descents, Pedigrees, Genealogies, Coat Armour, Bearings, Additions, Abatements, and a deal of that insignificant Jargon. While I was listening to this *Gibberish*, in comes a Fellow with a Roll of Parchment in his Hand to be made a *Gentleman*, and to have a Coat of Arms finely Painted to hang up in his *Dining-Room* till his Wife Died, and then to be transported on the Outside and Front of the House, to Invite a Rich Widow to Marry him.

My *Father*, says he, has bore Arms for his Majesty in many Honourable Occasions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a *Tall Fellow* speak to the Constable at all Hours of the Night. My *Uncle* was the first Man that ever was of the Honourable Order of the *Black-Guard*: And we have had five Brave Commanders of our Family

mily, by my Father's side, that have served the *State* in the *Quality* of *Marshal's Men*, and *Thief Takers*, and gave his Majesty a fair Account of all the *Prisoners* that were taken by them : And by my *Mother's side*, it will not be denied, but that I am Honourably Descended ; for my *Grandmother* was never without a Dozen Chamber-Maids and Nurses in Family. Her Husband wore a Sword by his Place, for he was *Deputy-Marshal* ; and to prove my self a Man of *Honour*, I have here a Testimonial in my Hand, in Black and White ; and in my Pocket brave *Tellow-Boys*, to pay for a Coat of Arms : Which being produced and Finger'd by the Herald, he immediately assign'd him a Coat, viz. A *Gibbet* Erect, with a Wing Volant. A Ladder Ascendant. A Rope Pendant, and a *Marshal's Man* Swinging at the end on't.

I am Scandalized, says my *Indian*, at your Custom in *London*, in making every Saucy *Jack*, a Gentleman.

And why are you not as well offended, reply'd I to my *Indian*, to hear almost every *Gentleman* call one another *Jack*, and *Tom*, and *Harry*. They first dropt the Distinction, Proper to Men of *Quality*, and Scoundrels took it up

up and bestowed it upon themselves; and hence it is, that a *Gentlemen* is sunk into plain *Jack*, and *Jack* is rais'd into *Gentleman*.

In Days of *Tore*, a Man of *Honour* was more Distinguishable by his *Generosity* and *Affability*, than by his *Lac'd Liveries*; but too many of them having degenerated into the Vices of the *Vulgar Fry*, *Honour* is grown *Contemptible*, the *Respect* that is due to their *Births*, is lost in a *Savage Management*, and is now assumed by every *Scoundrel*.

The *Cobler* is *Affronted*, if you don't call him *Mr. Translator*. The *Groom* Names himself *Gentleman of the Horse*, and the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes himself *one of His Majesty's Officers*. The *Page* calls himself *a Child of Honour*, and the *Foot-Boy* styles himself *my Ladies Page*. Every *Little Nasty Whore* takes upon her the Title of *Lady*, and every *Impudent Broken-Mouth'd Manteau-Maker*, must be call'd *Madam Theodosia Br---*. Every *Dunce* of a *Quack* is call'd a *Physician*. Every *Gown-Man* a *Counsellor*. Every *Silly Huff* a *Captain*. Every *Gay thing* a *Chevalier*. Every *Parish Reader*, a *Doctor*: And every *Writing Clerk* in the *Office*, *Mr. Secretary*:
Which

Which is all but Hypocrisie and Knavery in Disguise; for nothing is now called by its right Name.

The Heralds I see have but little to do, Honour and Arms which used to employ all Men of Birth and Parts, now almost dwindled into an Airy Nothing: Let us then go and see how the VWorld wags in the City Circle.

Amusement IX.

The City Circle.

I Have given my Traveller Walking enough from Country to Country, let us save him the Trouble now of Beating the Hoof, and shew him the rest of the World as he sits in his Chair.

To be acquainted with all the Different Characters of it, it will be sufficient for him to frequent certain Numerous Assemblies, a sort of a *City Circle*, they are set up in imitation of the Circle at Court.

The Circle in Foreign Courts is a Grave Assembly, but ill seated upon Low Stools set in a Round. Here all Women Talk and none of them Listen. Here they make a Pother about nothing. Here they Decide all things, and their most diversified Conversations are a sort of Roundelaus that end
either

either in Artificial Slanders, or gross Flattery, but this being in no wise applicable to the *English* Court, I shall wave a further Description of it and come to

The City Lady's visiting Day.

WHICH is a Familiar Assembly, or a General Council of the Fair and Charming-Sex, where all the Important Affairs of their Neighbours are largely discuss'd, but Judged in an Arbitrary Manner, without hearing the Parties speak for themselves. Nothing comes amiss to these Tribunals. Matters of High and no Consequence, as Religion, and Cuckoldom, Com-modes and Sermons, Politicks, and Gallantry, Receipts of Cookery and Scandal, Coquettry and Preserving, Jilting and Laundry; in short every thing is subject to the Jurisdiction of this Court, and no Appeal lies from it. The Coach stops at the *Goldsmiths* or *Mercers* Door, and off leaps Mr. Skip-kennel from behind it, and makes his Address to the Bookkeeper, or

L 2 Prentice,

Prentice, and ask if his Lady, for that is always the Name of the Mistress, receives any Visits that Day or no. Some stay must be made till the Woman above Stairs sends down her answer, and then the Pink of Courtesie is receiv'd at the top of the Stairs, like King James by the French King, and handed to her Stool of discourse.

My dear Lady, 'tis an Honour to give me your Company, after so obliging a manner, is the first word that drops from her the visit is paid to, and I should never have forgiven that uneasiness of Mind which must have been the consequence of it, had I any longer forbore paying my respects to my dear Lady Tattle, is of course the Answer to it. Lord, Madam, did you hear the News of the Misfortune that besel Mrs. such a one's Husband; never believe me again, if that old filthy Sot, she was Married to for the sake of his Money, has not had a Statute of Bankrupt taken out against him; but Alderman Vanity's Lady had the most insupportable Accident that besel her, which it's possible to think of. Let me never go a visiting again if her Coach did not overturn, just against the Royal Exchange, in full Change time, and exposed what her Ladyship had, a Foul Smock, and a Dirty Skin, to the whole

whole Company. I could never have outliv'd the disgrace, nor have suffer'd my self to be seen in Publick, but her Ladyship is of another Constitution, as she has expos'd another sort of Complexion, than I carry about me. I suppose you are no stranger to her making a Bedfellow of that Filthy Fellow her Groom, or the Conversation, Mr Alderman turn'd away his Coachman for; But Heavens forbid I should expose her, &c.

Thus they take a sip of Tea, and then for a draught or two of Scandal to digest it, next let it be Ratifia or any other Favorite Liquor, Scandal must be the after draught to make it sit easy on their Stomach, till the Half Hour's past, and they have disburthen'd themselves of their secrets, and take Coach for some other Place to collect new matter for Defamation.

A Venerable Old Gentlewoman, call'd Madam Whimsy, whose Relations are dispersed into all Corners of the Earth, is President of this Board. She is Lineally Descended from the Maggots of the South, an Illustrious and Ancient Family, that were a Branch of the Wag-Tails of the East, who boast themselves Descended in a Right Line from Madam Eve. Here are to be found as many Different Opinions

as there are Heads in the Room. The same Judge is sometimes Severe, and sometimes Indulgent, sometimes Grave and sometimes Trifling, and they Talk exactly there as I do in my *Amusements*.

They pass in a Moment from the most Serious, to the most Comical Strain; from the greatest things to the smallest; from a Duke, to a Chimney-Sweeper; from a Council of War to a Christning, and sometimes a sudden Reflexion upon a Womans *Head-Dress*, hinders the Decision of a Case of Conscience under Examination.

In this Country twenty several Sentences are pronounced all at once. The Men Vote when they can, the Women as often as they please. They have two Votes for one. The great Liberty that is allowed in the City Circle, invites all sorts of Persons to come thither to see, and to be seen. Every one talks according to his Designs, his Inclination, and his Genius. The Young Folks talk of what they are now a doing; the Old Fellows Talk of what they have done in the Days of Queen *Dick*; and your Sots and Coxcombs of what they have a design to do, tho' they never go about it.

The

The Ambitious Rail at the Sluggards as a Company of Idle Fellows that take up a room in the World, and do nothing? The Sluggards return back the Compliment to the Ambitious, that they trouble all the World with their Plots to advance themselves and ruine others. The Tradesman Curses War from the bottom of his Heart, as that which spoils Commerce, Depopulates Conuntries, and destroys Mankind; and the Soldier wishes those that had a Hand in making the Peace, were at the Devil.

The Vertuoso despises the Rich for making such a bustle about so Foolish and Pale-faced a Mettal as Gold. The Rich laugh at Learning, and Learned Men, and cry, A Fig for *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*. Your Men of Gravity and Wisdom forsooth, rail at Love as the most Foolish and Impertinent Trifling thing in the World; and the Lover fattens himself with his own Fancies, and laughs at Wisdom as a Sower and Severe thing that is not worth the Pursuit. Those that are Unmarried fall foul upon the Jealous-Pated Husbands, as Men that create their own Troubles. And those that are Married justify their own Prudent Conduct

in endeavouring to prevent their own Dishonour.

A Young forward Puppy full of Vigour and Health, seem'd to intimate by his Discourse, that he thought himself Immortal. Well, says he, I have drank my Gallon of Claret every Night these Seven Years, and yet the Devil of a Feaver or any other Disease dares Attack me, tho' I always keep two or three Sins going at once. Before George I think our Family's made of Iron. There's that Old Prig my Father (a Plague on him) turn'd of Seventy, and yet he's as sound as a Roach still. He'll ride you Forty Mile out-right at a Fox-Chase. Small Beer be my Portion here and hereafter, if I believe he'll ever have the Good Manners to troop off.

A Grave Old Gentleman offended at this Rude and Frothy Discourse gave his VVhiskers a Twirl, and thus reprimanded our Saucy Whipper-Snapper. Know Boy, cries he to him in an Angry Tone: Know Sirrah, that every Age stands upon the same Level as to the Duration of Life. A Man of Fourscore is Young enough to Live, and an Infant but of Four Days Birth, is Old enough to Die.

I apprehend your Meaning, Old Gentleman, says our Young Prig to him, well enough. You are Young enough to Live to Day, and Old enough to Die to Morrow.

Those whom you have hitherto heard, talk'd only to let the Company see what they were; The rest both in their Conversation and Manners, appear'd directly contrary to what they were.

You admire the Gay Noisy Impertinence of that Country Wit yonder that tells so many Pleasant Stories, and sets all the Company a Laughing. Don't be mistaken in him, he's the Dullest Rogue alive, if you strip him of what he has Plunder'd from others.

All his Jests and Repartees he Perloin'd from his *Father's Chaplain*; they are the effect of his Memory, and not of his Invention.

That other Spark there sets up for a *Wit*, and has some Sence to't. Pray mind that Worshipful *Lump* of Clay, that Inanimate Figure that lolls in the Elbow-Chair; he takes no manner of Notice of what is said in the Company. By his Plodding, Starch'd, Solemn Looks, you would conclude that Business of Importance and Affairs of State, took up all his Thoughts, and that his
Head

Head was brim full of Dispatches, Negotiations, Decrees, Orders of Council, and the Lord knows what. I'll tell you what; he's the emptiest Dullest, Shallowest Monster, within the Bills of Mortality. He's equally incapable of Business and Pleasure: He'll rake you a Nap over a Game at Cards, and Yawn and Stretch at the most diverting Comedy: Nay, under the *Pulpit* when the Parson has Preach'd all the Dogs out o'th' Church. He Dreams as he Walks, and the Sot when he's a Sleep, differs from the Sot when Waking, as a *Nine-Pin* when it is up, differs from a *Nine-pin* when its down. He has a Considerable Post in the Government, and a Pretty Wife, and minds them both alike? 'Tis pitty he has not a *Deputy* to officiate for him.

That *Young Creature* there by the Window, as the bare mention of the Word *Love*, Starts, and Trembles, as if a *Demi-Culverin* were shot off at her Ear. Her Vertuous Mother has told her such terrible Stories about it, that the *Poor Fool* believes she hates it. And do you think, Sir, she'll hate it to the end of the Chapter? That's not so certain, I dare not engage for it. A Woman that hates Love before she knows

knows *what it is* is not in danger to hate it very long.

Perhaps I explain things after a *Freer* manner than I ought, and *Unmask* too many Faces in my Circle; but if I were never so much inclined to spare them, and they themselves had Address enough to conceal their own Defects: I see a *Lady* of great Penetration coming into the Room, who will decipher them more *Unmercifully* than I can.

Now she has Seated her self. Observe what a *Modest* Air she has? How Critically she draws off her Gloves? How *Artfully* she manages her Fan? And if she lift up her Eyes, 'tis only to see whether other Women are as Handsome and as Modest as her self. She has so much Vertue the World says, that she can't endure any that have a less share on't than her self. What is harder still, those that have more Vertue than she, do equally displease her. 'Tis for this reason she spares no Body.

I ask'd a Lady of the same Character t'other Day, how it came to pass that her Exhortations were half *Godliness*, and half *Slander*? Bless me, crys she, *Slander*! VVhat mean you by the VVord? 'Tis enough to give one the Spleen, or an *Ague Fit*. The Truth

Truth on't is, I am sometimes obliged to accommodate my self to the *Taste* of the VWorld, to *Season* my Remonstrances with a little *Satyr*, for the VWorld expects we should make every thing agreeable, even Connection it self. We must sometimes give a little *Slip* from Morality to bring in a few *Strokes* of *Satyr*. Speak more Honestly, *Madam*, says I to her, and confess that you bring in one stroke of Morality, to countenance the making of a Thousand Scandalous Reflexions.

Very well, replies the *Indian* to me, I find the *Londoners* are as Comical in their Garbs, as affected in their Discourses. They would think themselves *dis-honour'd* to appear in a Suit they wore last Year. According to the Rule of *Fashions*, this Furious Beau the next Year must make but a *Scurvy Figure*; but I pardon them for following the Custom of their Country. I put so ill a Construction upon their Curiosity, I will not hereafter Judge of the Hearts of VWomen by the Steps I see them make.

As for that *Beau* yonder, I have a great Curiosity to know whether his inside answers his Outside. Not a Word has drop'd from him as yet; but surely the Oracle will open Anon. The Ladies

dies that encompass him, said I to my Curious Traveller, are as impatient to hear him Talk, as you can be. Therefore let us listen.

They all Compliment, and address their Discourses to him. What Answers does he make them? Sometimes *Yes*, and sometimes *No*, and sometimes *Nothing* at all. He speaks to one with his *Eyes*, to another with his *Head*, and *Laughs* at a third with so *Mysterious* an Air, that 'tis believed there is something extraordinary meant by it. All the Company are of Opinion that he has *Wit* in abundance. His *Physiognomy Talks*, his Air *Perswades*, but all his Eloquence lies in the Fine *Outside* he makes; and as soon as the Spark has shew'd himself, *he has concluded his Speech*. 'Tis a thousand pitties that Nature had not time enough to finish her Workmanship. Had she bestowed never so little *Wit* upon an *Outside*, so Prepossessing us in his Favour, the Idlest Tales from his Mouth wou'd have pass'd for the most Ingenious Story in the World.

But our Ladies now begin to be weary of holding a longer Discourse with their Idol, All of 'em resolv'd; if they must speak, to speak with some Body that would answer them again, and
not

not with a *Statue*. Our Beau retires into the next Chamber, intent upon nothing but how to display his Charms to the best advantage. He is at first view enamour'd with a Pretty Lady whom he saw in the Room. He Besieges her with his *Eyes*, he *Ogles* at her, he *Prims* and *Plumes* himself, and at last he Boards her.

This Lady is very Reserved, and tho' our Gentleman appear very Charming to her, yet she is not surprized at the first sight of him. 'Tis nothing but her Curiosity which makes her hazard meeting him in the Field. VVith this Intention she listens to what our Adventurer has to say to her. In short, this was the success of his Affair with her.

He found himself mightily at a loss how to *Cope* with this Lady. She had an inexhaustible Source of *Wit*, and would not be paid with *Gracious Nods* and *Smiles*, but as we see there are a Hundred Witty VVomen in the World, that are not displeas'd with a fair Outside: our Confident Spark flatter'd himself, that if he cou'd but once perswade the Lady that he was in Love with her, the Garrison wou'd immediately surrender. To effect this he employ'd the *Finest Turns* of Eloquence, and the
most

most touching Expressions of the *Mute Language*; but this Fair Lady made as if she did not understand him. What should he now do to explain himself more clearly to her, He had a *Diamond-Ring* of a considerable Value upon his Finger, and found himself put to't to contrive a Piece of Gallantry *A la Mode*, to present it to her. Thus *Playing* with his Hand, and holding it so that he might shew his *Diamond* more advantageously to the Eyes of the Fair Indifferent, he plays with it: She turns her Head, first on one side, then on the other side. This Unconcernedness mortified him extreamly; yet still he kept on his *Shew*, which is always the last Refuge of a Coxcomb. He is Astonish'd to find a Woman insensible to such a *Beau* as himself, and to such a *Diamond* as his was; but this made no Impression on the *Lady*, who still continued Inexorable and Cruel.

At the very Moment he despair'd of his Enterprize, this Cruel, this Insensible seiz'd him hastily by the Hand, to look nearer at the *Diamond*, from which she first turn'd her Eyes: VVhat a *Blessed turn* of the Scene was this to a Dejected Lover! He reassumes his Courage, and to make a Declaration of his Passion for once and all, he takes the *Ring* from

from his Finger, and after a Thousand *Cringes* and *Grimaces*, Presents her with it. The *Lady* takes it in her Hand, and holds it close to her Eyes, to view it more carefully: He redoubles his Hope and Assurance, and thought he had a Right to Kiss that Hand, that had received his *Diamond*. The *Lady* was so taken up in looking at it, that she was not at leisure to think of being angry at this Freedom; but on the contrary smiled, and without any more Ceremony put the *Ring* upon her Finger.

Now it is that our Lover thinks himself secure of *Victory*, and transported with Joy, proposes the *Hour* and *Place* of Meeting. Sir, says this *Lady* coldly to him, I am Charm'd with this *Diamond*; and the reason why I have accepted it without Scruple, is because it belongs to me. Yes, Sir, this *Diamond* is mine; my Husband took it from off my *Toilet* some Three Months ago, and made me afterwards believe he had lost it. That cannot be, replies our *Fop*, it was a *Marchioness*, that exchange'd it with me for something that shall be Nameless.

Right, right, continues the *VVoman*, my Husband was acquainted with this *Marchioness*, he Truck'd with her for my *Diamond*, the *Marchioness* Truck'd with
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you for it, and I take it for nothing; tho
if I were of a *Revengeful Nature*, my
Husband very well deserves, that I
should give the same *Price* for it, as he
received from the *Marchioness*. At this
unexpected Blow, our fine Thing
stood Confounded and Astonish'd; but
I can now forgive his *being Mute* up-
on so Odd an Occasion. A Man of
VVit and Sence could hardly avoid
it.

That Great *Lord* yonder, was Bred
and Born a *Lord*: His *Soul* is full as
Noble as his *Blood*, his Thoughts as
high as his *Extraction*. I Esteem, but
don't Admire his *Lordship*; but the
Man, who by his *Merits* and *Vertues*
raises himself above his Birth and Edu-
cation, I both *Esteem* and *Admire*.

Why then should you, whose Vir-
tues equal your Fortune, conceal the
Meanness of your Original, which raises
the Lustre of your Merit? And as
for you that have no other Merit to
boast of, but that of advancing your
Fortune; never be ashamed to own the
Meanness of your former Life: VVe
shall better esteem the Merrit of your
Elevation.

Look, yonder goes a Man, says one
that takes upon him so much of the
Lord, that one would think he had ne-

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ver

ver been any thing else. It often happens, that by our Over-acting of Matters, the World discovers we were not always the Men we appear.

While I made my Reflections, my *Indian* was likewise busie in making his. He did not so much wonder at the Man in the Embroidered Coat, who did not know himself, as at the Assembly, who likewise seem'd not to know him. He was treated with the Respect due to a Prince; these are not Civilities, but downright Adorations. What cannot you be content, says our *Indian*, cannot you be content to Idolize *Riches* that are useful to you? Must you likewise Idolize the *Rich*, who will never do you a Farthings-worth of Kindness.

I confess, continued he, that I cannot recover out of this Astonishment. I see another Man of a very good Look come into the Circle, and no body takes the least Notice of him. He has seated himself and Talks, and very much to the purpose too, and yet no one will vouchsafe him a Hearing. I observe, the Company Files off from him by degrees, to another part of the Room, and now he is left alone by himself. Wherefore say I to my self, do they shun him thus? Is his *Breath* Coma-

Contagious, or has he a *Plague-Sore* running upon him?

At the same time I took Notice, That these Deserters had flock'd about the *Gay Coxcomb* in the laced Suite, whom they worshipp'd like a little God. By this I came to understand, that the Contagious Distemper the other Man was troubled with was his Poverty.

Oh Heavens! says the *Indian*, falling all on the sudden into an Enthusiastick Fit, like that wherein you saw him in his Letter; *Oh Heavens!* Remove me quickly out of a Country, where they shut their Ears to the wholsom Advice, and sage Instructions of a *Poor Man*, to listen to the Nonsensical *Chat* of a Sot in *Gaudy Cloaths*. They seem to refuse this *Philosopher* a Place among Men, because his Apparel is but indifferent, while they Rank that Wealthy *Coxcomb* in the Number of the Gods. When I behold this abominable Sight, I cou'd almost pardon those that grow Haughty and Insolent upon prosperity. This latter Spark a little while ago was less than a *Man* among you, at present you make a sort of a *Deity* of him. If the Head of their new Idol should grow Giddy, he may e'en thank those

who Incense him at this abominable Rate.

There are among us in my Country, continues he, a sort of People who Adore a Certain Bird, for the Beauty and Richness of its *Feathers*. To justify the Folly wherein their Eyes have engaged them, they are perswaded that this proud Animal has a Divine Spirit that Animates him. Their Error is infinitely more excusable than yours; for, in short, this Creature is *Mute*, but if he could Talk, like your Brute there in the Rich Embroidery, they would soon find him out to be a Beast, and perhaps would forbear to Adore him.

This sudden Transport, carry'd our well-meaning Traveller a little too far. To oblige him to drop his Discourse, I desir'd him to cast his Eyes upon a certain Gentleman in the *Circle*, who deserved to have his *Veil* taken off with which he covered himself, to procure the Confidence of Fools. Examine well this serious Extravagant. The *Fool's Bawble* he makes such a pother with, is his *Probity*, an amiable thing indeed, if his Heart were affected by it; but 'tis only the *Notion* of it that has Fly-blown his Head. Because, forsooth, it has not yet appear'd in his Story,

Story, that he is a Notorious Cheat and Falsifier, upon the Merit of this Reputation, the *Insect* thinks himself the most Virtuous Man in the World. He demands an Implicite Faith to all he says. You must not question any thing he is pleas'd to affirm, but must pay the same Deference to his Words, as to the Sacred Oracles of Truth it self. If he thinks fit to assert that *Romulus* and *Remus* were Grand Children to *John of Gaunt*, 'tis a Breach of Good Manners to enquire into their Pedigrees.

If any Difference happens, he pretends his Word is a Decree, from which you cannot Appeal without Injustice. He takes it for a high Affront, if you do but ask him to give you the common Security. All the Universe must understand that his Verbal Promise is worth a Thousand Pounds. He would fain have perswaded his *Wifes Relations* to have given him her in Marriage upon his bare Word, without making a Settlement. He affects to be exactly Nice to a Tittle in all his Expressions, and if you think it impossible to find a *Model* of this impracticable Exactness, he tells you that you may find it in him, all his Words you ought to believe to a Hairs breadth:

Nothing less, and nothing beyond it. If ever he gives you liberty to *Stretch* a little, it must be in his *Commendation*. Let the *Conversation* turn upon what Subject it pleases, be' it of *War*, or of *Religion*, *Morality*, or *Politicks*, he will perpetually thrust his *Nose* into it, though he is sure to be laughed at for his Pains, and all to make a fine *Parade* of his own good Qualities and Vertues.

A certain *Lady* for Instance, after she had effectually proved that all Gallantry, and Sincerity, was extinct among the young Fellows of this Age, corrected her self pleasantly in this manner. I am in the *wrong* Gentlemen, says she, I am in the *wrong*, I own it. There is such a thing as Sincerity still among the Men: *They speak all that they think of us Women.*

Upon the bare Mention of the Word *Sincerity*, our Gentleman thought he had a fair opportunity to enlarge upon his own. Every Man, says he, has his particular Faults: My Fault is to be too Sincere.

Soon after this, the Discourse fell upon other Matters, as want of Compassion and Charity in the Rich. What an excess of Barbarity crys our Man of Honour, is this? For my part, I always

ways fall into the opposite Extream. I melt at every thing, I am *too Good* in my Temper, but 'tis a Fault I shall never Correct in my self. To make short, another who towards the Conclusion of his Story, happen'd accidentally to let the Word Avarice drop from him, found himself interrupted by our *Modest Gentleman*, who made no difficulty to own that *Liberality* was his Vice. *Ab Sir*, replied the Man coldly, who was interrupted, you have three great Vices, Sincerity, Goodness, and Liberality. This excess of Modesty in you, which makes you own these Vices, give me to understand, Sir, that you are Master of all the contrary *Vertues*.

In my Opinion now, this was plucking off the Vizor of our Sir *Formal*. This was discharging a *Pistol* at his Breast: One would have thought it wou'd have went to the very Heart of him. In the mean time he did not so much as feel the Blow; the *Callus* of his Vanity had made him invulnerable, he takes every thing you say to him in good part. Call him in an Ironical manner, the *Great Heroe of Probity*, he takes you in the Litteral Sense. Tell him in the plain Language of *T. O.* that he's a confounded Rascal, Oh Sir, M 4 says

says he, your humble Servant, you are disposed to be merry I find: Thus he takes it for Raillery.

These *Raillers* have a fine time on't you see, to *Jest* upon a Man of so *Oily* a Temper. VVhat a Vexation is it to your Gentlemen that speak sharp and witty Things, to level them at so *supple* a Slave. All the Pleasure wou'd be to touch him to the Quick, to confound his Vanity. VVit does but hazard it self by Attacking him in the Face, there's nothing to be got by it: *Vanity is a Wall of Brass.*

But I find nothing will be lost. There sits a Gentleman in the corner of a quite different Temper, who takes every thing upon himself, that was meant to another. He *Blushes*, he grows *Pale*, he's out of Countenance; at last quits the Room, and as he goes out, threatens all the Company with his Eyes. What does the VVorld think of this holding up the *Buckler*, they put but a bad Construction upon it, and say that his Conscience is *Ulcerated*, that you cannot touch any String, but it will answer to some painful place. *Touch a Gall'd Horse and He'll Wince.* In a word, he's wounded all over, because he's all over Sensible of Pain.

These

These are two Characters that seem to be directly opposite; however, it were easie to prove that these two are the same at Bottom. What's this Bottom? Divine it if you can: One Word would not be sufficient to explain it clearly to you, and I am not at leisure to give you any more. I perceive a Man coming into the Room whom I am acquainted with, he will interrupt me without Remorse. I had better be beforehand with him, and hold my Tongue.

Silence Gentlemen, *Silence*, and see you shew due Respect. You will immediately see one of those *Noble Lords*, who believe that all is due to them, and that they owe nothing to any Body. When my *Lord* enter'd, every one put on a demure Look, and he himself came in with a *Smiling* look, like a true Politician. Immediately he makes a thousand Protestations of Friendship to every one; but at the same time that he promises you his Service, he looks as Pale as a *Scotchman*, when he offers you his Purse.

He is scarce sat down in his Chair, but he embroils the Conversation. He talks to four several Persons about four several Affairs at once: He puts a *Question* to one Man, without waiting
for

for an *Answer* of another: He proposes a *Doubt*, Treats it, and resolves it all by himself. He's not weary of *Talking*, though all the Company be of *hearing* him. They steal off by degrees, and so the Circle ended.

The *Publick* is a great Spectacle always New, which presents it self to the Eyes of private Men, and *Amuses* them. These private Men are so many diversified Spectacles, that offer themselves to the Publick View, and *Divert* it. I have already as it were in *Minature*, shew'd some few of these small inconsiderable private Spectacles, which will suffice to point out the rest, and therefore to draw towards a Conclusion, shall in the last Place take a View of the Desolate and frightful Country of *Philosophy* and *Physick*: Those being Regions that few Visitants return from in so good a State of Health as they went to it, or rather with any Life at all.

Amuse-

Amusement X.

The Philosophical, or Virtuosi Country.

IN this Country every thing is obscure, their Habitations, their Looks, their Language, and their Learning. 'Tis a long time ago since they undertook to cultivate the Country of *Science*; but the only Thing they have made clear and undeniable, is, that One and One makes Two: And the Reason why this is so *clear*, is because it was known by all Men before they made a *Science* of it.

Their *Geometricians* work upon so solid a Foundation, that as soon as ever they have well laid the first Stone, they carry on their Buildings without the least fear, so high as the *Atmosphere*; but their *Philosophers* build those haughty Edifices they call Systems, upon a quite different Bottom.

They

They lay their Foundation in the Air, and when they think they are come to solid Ground, the Building disappears, and the Architects tumble down from the Clouds.

This Country of *Experimental Philosophy*, is very Amusing, and their Collections of *Rarities* exceeds that of *John Tradusken*, for here are the Galls of Doves, the Eye-Teeth of Flying Toads, the Eggs of Ants, and the Eyes of Oysters. Here they weigh the Air, measure Heat, Cold, Dryness and Humidity, great Discoveries for the publick advantage of Mankind. Without giving our selves the trouble to make use of our Senses, we need but only cast our Eyes upon a Weather-Glass, to know if 'tis Hot or Cold, if it Rains, or is Fair Weather.

Tempted by these Noble Curiosities, I desired the favour of seeing some of the Gentlemen they called Improvers of Nature, and immediately they shewed me an Old Bard cutting Asp Leaves into Tongues, which were to be fastened in the Mouths of Flowers, Fruits, Herbs, and Seeds, with design to make the whole Creation Vocal. Another was Dissecting Atomes, and Mites in Cheese, for the improvement of the Anatomical Science,

ence, and a third was transfusing the Blood of an *Ass* into an *Astrological Quack*; of a *Sheep* into a *Bully*; and of a *Fish* into an *Exchange-Woman*, which had all the desired Effects; the *Quack* prov'd a *Sot*, the *Bully* a *Coward*, and the *Tongue-Pad* was *Silent*. All *Prodigies* in Nature, and none miscarried in the Operation.

In another Apartment were a curious Collection of *Contemplative Gentlemen*, that had their Employments severally assign'd them. One was Chewing the Cud upon Dr. *Burnet's New System of the World*, and making Notes upon it in Confutation of *Moses*, and all the *Antidiluvian Historians*. Another was Reconciling the Differences among *Learned Men*, as between *Aristotle* and *Des Cartes*, *Cardan* and *Copernicus*, *William Penn* and *Christianity*, *Mr. Edwards* and *Arabick*: Determining the Controversy between the *Acidists* and *Alkalists*, and putting a Period to the Abstruse Debates between the *Engineers* and *Mouse-Trap Makers*.

If any one ask me, which of these Disputants has Reason of his side, I will say, that some of them have the Reason of *Antiquity*, the other the Reason of *Novelty*; and in Matters of O-
pinion

pinion, these two Reasons have a greater influence upon the Learned, than Reason it self.

Those that set up for finding the North-West Passage into the Land of *Philosophy*, would with all their Hearts, if it were possible, follow these two Guides all at once, but they are afraid to travel in a Road where they talk of nothing but *Accidents* and *Privation*, *Heceities* and *Entelechias*. Then they find themselves all on the sudden seized with Hot and Cold, Dry and Moist, penetrated by a subtile Matter encompassed with *Vortexes*, and so daunted by the fear of a *Vacuum*, that it drives them back, instead of encouraging them to go forward.

A Man need not lay it much to Heart that he never Travel'd through this Country; for those that have not so much as beheld it at a distance, know as much of it almost, as those that have spent a great deal of Money and Time there; but one of their Arts I admire above all the rest, and that is when they have Consumed their Estates in trifling Experiments, to persuade themselves they are now as Rich, and Eat and Drink as Luxuriously as ever; they view a single Shilling in a Multiplying Glass, which makes it ap-

pear

pear a Thoulard, and view their Commons in a Magnifying Glass which makes a Lark look as big as a Turkey-Coek, and a Three-penny Chop as large as a Chine of Mutton.

Before I let my Traveller pass from this place to *Physick*, 'twill not be amiss to make him remark, That in the Country of *Science* and the *Court*, we lose out selves; that we don't search for our selves in *Marriage*; that in the *Walks* and among *Women* we find our selves again; but seldom or never come back from the Kingdom of *Physick*.

AMUSE.

Amusement XI.

PHYSICK.

THE first thing remarkable in the Country of *Physick*, is that it is situate upon the *Narrow Passage* from this World to the other. 'Tis a *Clymaſterick* Country, where they make us Breath a Refreshing Air, but ſuch a one as is a great Enemy to the Natural Heat, and thoſe that Travel far in this *Climate*, throw away a World of Money in Drugs and at laſt Die of Hunger

The Language that is ſpoken here is very Learned; but the People that ſpeak it are very Ignorant.

In other Countries we learn Languages to be able to expreſs what we know in clear and intelligible Terms; but it looks as if *Physicians* learnt their Gibberish for no other purpoſe, than

than to embroil what they do not understand.

How I pity a Patient of good Sence that falls into their Hands? He is obliged at once to Combat the Arguments of the Doctor, the Disease it self, the Remedies, and Emptiness. One of my Friends, whom all this together had thrown into a *Dilirium*, had a Vision in his Fever which sav'd him his Life. He fancied he saw a Feaver under the shape of a Burning Monster, that press'd hard upon a Sick Man, and every Minute got Ground of him, till a Man who look'd like a *Guide*, came and took him by the *Wrist* to help him over a River of Blood. The poor Patient had not Strength enough to cross the Stream, and so was Drown'd. The *Guide* used means to get himself paid for his Pains, and immediately run after another Sick Man, who was carried down a Stream of *Carduus* Posset-Drink, Barly-Broth, and Water-Gruel. My Friend advised by this Vision, discarded his *Doctor*, and 'twas this that did his Business; for when he was by himself, there was no Body to hinder him from recovering. The Absence of Physicians, is a Sovereign Remedy to

N him

him that has not Recourse to a Quack.

These Gentlemen of the *Faculty*, are Pensioners to *Death*, and Travel Day and Night to enlarge that Monarch's Empire; for you must know notwithstanding Distemper'd Humours make a Man Sick, 'tis the *Physician* that has the Honour of Killing him, and expects to be well paid for the Job, by his Relations that lay in wait for his Life to share his Fortune: So that when a Man is ask'd how such a one Died, he is not presently to answer according to Corrupt Custom, that he Died of a Fever or Pleurisy; but that he Died of the *Doctor*.

See a Consult of them marching in State to a Patient, attended by a Diminutive *Apothecary*, that's just Arse high, and fit to give a Glyster. How Magisterially they look, and talk of the Patient's Recovery, when they themselves are but *Death* in a Disguise, and bring the Patient's *Hour* along with them. While the Patient breaths and Money comes, they are still Prescribing; but when they have sent the Patient hence, like a *Rat* with a Straw in's Arse, they'll say his Body was as Rotten as a Pear, and 'twas impossible

possible to save him. *Cruel People*, that are not contented to take away a Man's Life, and like the *Hangman*, be paid when they have done; but must Persecute him in the Grave too, and Blast his Honour, to excuse their Ignorance.

It were to be wish'd that every Physician might be obliged to Marry; for its highly reasonable, that those Men should beget Children to the State, who every Day rob the King of so many of his Subjects.

In this Land of *Physick* they have erected themselves a *College*, for the Improvement of the Mystery of *Man-Slaughter*, which may be call'd their *Armory*; for here are their Weapons and Utensils forged, and a Company of Men attending to Kill Poor Folks out of meer Charity.

In one part of their Convent, is a *Chimical Elaboratory*, where some were Calcining Calves-Brains, to supply those of the *Society* that wanted. Some fixing Volatile Wits, and others Rarifying Dull ones. Some were playing Tricks with *Mercury*, promising themselves vast Advantages from the Process; but after they had Resolv'd the *Viscous Matter*, and brought

the *Materia Prima* into the *Coppel*, all went away in a Fume, and the Operator had his Labour for his Travell.

In another place were *Apothecaries* preparing *Medicines*. The Outfides of their Pots were Gilded, with the Titles of Preservatives, Cordials, and Panpharmacons; but in the Inside were Poysons, or more Nauseous Preparations. However of all our late pretended Alchimists, commend me to the Apothecaries, as the Nolest Operators and *Chimists*; for out of Toads, Vipers, and a *Sir Reverence it self*, they will fetch ye Gold ready Minted, which is more than ever *Paracelsus* himself pretended to.

Here were also Chirurgeons in great Numbers, talking hard Words to their Patients, as Solution of Continuity, Dislocations, Fractures, Amputation, Phlebotomy, and spoke *Greek Words*, without understanding the *English* of them. One of the Gravest among them, propounded this Question to the rest. Suppose a Man falls from the *Main-Tard*, and lies all Bruised upon the *Deck*; Pray what is the *First Intention* in that Case? A Brisk Fellow answers: You must give him
Irish

Irish Slate *quantum sufficit*, and Embro-
cate the Parts affected *Secundum Ar-*
tem. At which I seeming to Smile,
another Reprimands me, saying, *What*
do you Laugh at, Sir, the Man's i'th
right on't. To whom I reply'd, With
Reverence to your Age and Under-
standing, Sir, I think he's in the *wrong*;
for if a Man falls from the Main-Yard,
the first Intention is, *To take him up*
again.

Among all these People every thing
is made a Mystery, to detain their
Patients in Ignorance, and keep up
the Market of Physick; but were not
the very Terms of Art, and Names of
their Medicines sufficient to fright a-
way any Distempers, 'tis to be feared
their *Remedies* would prove worse than
the *Disease*.

That nothing might be wanting in
this Famous College, there were others
that like Porters and Plasterers stood
ready to be Hired, as *Corn-Cutters*, and
Tooth-Drawers. The One of which
will make you Halt before the best
Friend you have; and if you do but
Tawn, the other Knaves will be examin-
ing your *Grinders*; Depopulate your
Mouths, and make you Old before your
time, and take as much for Draw-
ing

ing out an Old Tooth, as would buy a Set of New ones.

An Ill Accident happened while we were viewing the Curiosities of this College. A Boy had swallowed a Knife, and the Members of the College being sitting, he was brought among them, if it were possible to be Cured. The *Chirurgeons* claim'd the Patient as belonging to their Fraternity, and one of them would have been poking a Cranes Bill down his Throat to pluck it up again, but the Doctors would not suffer him.

After a long Consultation, one of the two Remedies was agreed on, viz. That the Patient should swallow as much *Aqua fortis*, as would dissolve the Knife into Minute Particles, and bring it away by Seige; but the other Remedy was more Philosophical, and therefore better approv'd, and that was to apply a *Loadstone* to his Arse, and so draw it out by a *Magnetick* Attraction; but which of the two was put in practice I know not, for I did not stay to see the Noble Experiment, tho' my particular Friend Dr. W—d was the first that propos'd that Remedy, and he is no Quack I assure you.

Not

Not but that there are some Quacks as Honest Fellows as you would desire to Piss upon. This Foreigner here for instance, is a Man of Conscience, that will take you but Half a Crown a Bottle for as good *Lambs-Conduit Water* as ever was in the World. He pretends it has an Occult Quality that Cures all Distempers. He Swears it, and Swears like T. O. on the right side of the Hedge, since this very Individual Water has Cured him of Poverty, which comprehends all Diseases.

'Tis with Physicians in *London*, as with Almanacks, the Newest are the most Consulted; but then their Reign, like that of an Almanack, concludes with the Year.

When a Sick Man leaves all for *Nature* to do, he hazards much. When he leaves all for the Doctor to do, he hazards more: And since there is a Hazard both ways, I would much sooner chuse to rely upon *Nature*; for this, at least, we may be sure of, That she acts as Honestly as she can, and that she does not find her Account in prolonging the Disease.

So much for Physick, which as it is the last thing I should be persuaded

ded to take, so it's the last Country I
shall Travel thro' for the Present;
and if the Reader has any good Na-
ture in him, he'll congratulate my
safe Arrival from a Place where there
are so many Obstacles to be met
with, before you can possibly return
from it.

FINIS.